

THE

Tatler

SCOTTISH NUMBER

& Bystander 2s. weekly 17 Aug. 1960

ALL SET
UP FOR
THE
TRIPLE
CROWN...





YOUR
MAKE-UP
BY
LANCÔME

THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Scottish Number

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3077

17 AUGUST 1960

	Page
GOING PLACES:	<i>Social dates</i> 275
Going places to eat	
by John Baker White	275
Going places late	
by Douglas Sutherland	276
Going places abroad by Doone Beal	277
WEDDINGS	315
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES	279
FEATURES	
<i>The Half-hidden Persuaders</i>	
text by Henry Awbry and	
photographs by Anthea Sieveking	285
<i>A theory about golf</i>	
by Eric Walmsley	291
<i>Holes in Hadrian's Wall</i>	292
<i>The Triple Crown</i>	
photograph by Helen Craig	295
LORD KILBRACKEN	306
FASHION <i>A drop o' Scotch</i>	298
COUNTER SPY: <i>On a foray over the</i>	
<i>Border</i>	305
GOOD LOOKS	
by Elizabeth Williamson	314
VERDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	310
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	311
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	312
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	312
<i>on galleries</i> by Alan Roberts	313
MOTORING by Gordon Wilkins	316
DINING IN by Helen Burke	319



Traditional Scotland in attractive microcosm: whisky, tartan, fly-fishing and golf, photographed by COLIN SHERBORNE. All these ingredients find a place in this issue. For the particular ones shown here: The Scotch House, Brompton Road, S.W.1 (tartan length and silver plaid brooch); James Lock & Co. Ltd. (the hat), and Ogden Smiths Ltd. (the salmon flies), both of St. James's Street; Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade (golf club); and Woolland's Knightsbridge (the glass)

HOW HADRIAN FAILED . . .

YOU CAN'T KEEP the Scots out of the news, or—as Hadrian soon found—beyond the border. What with that Macmillan, and now his noble Foreign Secretary, they're always breaking through, and this Scottish Number of The Tatler takes a look at some of the current hewers of *Holes in Hadrian's Wall* (page 292). . . . At this time of the year the invasion, admittedly, is mostly in the opposite direction, with the culture types (Edinburgh bound) sharing first-class railway compartments with the shootin'-and-fishin' set. It's a fair bet that whatever the sportsmen bring back it will fall short of that rarest of feats in the field, *The Triple Crown*. So rare indeed is it that there are veterans with only hazy notions of what exactly it entails. They can read all about it and view the equipment on pages 295-7. . . . Some further notes on field equipment, of the strictly fashion variety, follow in *A drop o' Scotch*, a survey of the clothes they excel in north of the Border (pages 298 onwards). There is also a PS on accessories by Counter Spy (page 305). . . . And Eric Walmsley has some contemporary notes for girls about the royal and ancient game Scotland sent round the world. See *A theory about golf* (page 291).

The trek north was preceded by a lively week of good weather at Cowes, and Muriel Bowen reports some of the social life she saw there (page 279 onwards). Farther along the coast of the Isle of Wight, at Bembridge, Betty Swaebe has been on the beach photographing the annual crop of *Water Babies* (page 308). . . . Of course not all the best people could get away for these diversions, and one of the businesses that is keeping some of them is that obscure phenomenon known as public relations. In an attempt to shed light, Henry Awbry discusses and Anthea Sieveking photographs *The Half-hidden Persuaders* (page 285 onwards).

Next week:

Outboard and about. . . . Books for looking at. . . . House-keeping in Timbuktu

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFalgar 7020)

your fashion sense
will lead you to

Peter Scott

knitwear in the finest
Scottish tradition



FLORA
knitted and fully fashioned in
medium weight Botany

OBTAINABLE FROM GOOD SHOPS EVERYWHERE

For name of nearest stockist write to: PETER SCOTT & CO LTD . HAWICK . SCOTLAND or Ulster Chambers . 168 Regent Street . London W.1

Q104

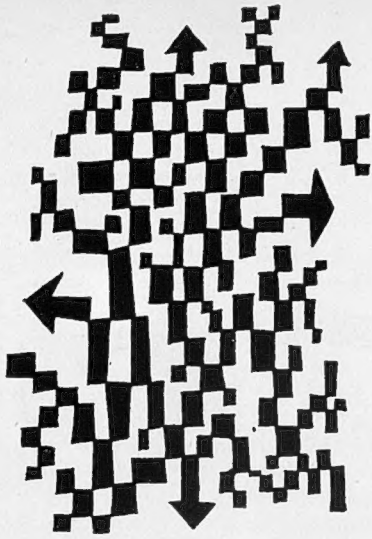
No wonder HOLMES are shoe fashion
with Suit shoes for autumn

MH 417
Ivory or
Moth Beige
Cobweb Calf
5 gns.

IONA
Black or
Tacoma Brown Calf
89/11

McDonald's
LTD.
BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW, C.1

GOING



PLACES

SOCIAL

Newmarket Second August Meeting, 19, 20 August.

Edinburgh Festival, 21 August-11 September.

Gloucester Polo Tournament, 24-28 August.

Junior Dinner-Dance, Hyde Park Hotel, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, 13 September. (Tickets: 12s. from the Joint-Chairmen, I.A.A. Dinner-Dance Committee, Palace Gate, W.8.)

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: Fifth Test Match, England v. South Africa, the Oval, 18-23 August; M.C.C. v. Scotland, Lord's, 25 August. Cheltenham Cricket Festival, to 23 August; Southport Cricket Festival, 20-28 August.

Golf: Boys' Championship, Olton, near Birmingham, 22-27 August; Martini Finals, Berkshire Course, near Bagshot, 24-26 August.

Motor Racing: R.A.C. International Tourist Trophy, Goodwood, 20 August.

Polo: Cowdray Park, Semi-final, West Sussex Cup, 20, 21 August.

Sailing: Paignton Regatta, 17, 18 August; Royal Temple Y.C. Regatta, Ramsgate, 21, 22 August; Oulton Broad Regatta Week, Suffolk, 22-27 August.

Shows: Ponies of Britain Summer Show, Peterborough, 19, 20 August; Dunster Show, near Minehead, 19 August; Monmouthshire Show, Monmouth, 25 August; Edinburgh Horse Show, 27 August.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Short season to 27 August. First performances, *Solitaire*, 18 August; *Coppélia*, *Façaade*, 19 August; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 22 August; *La Fête Etrange*, 23 August; *Don Quixote* (pas de deux) 25 August. 7.30 p.m., matinée, Sat., 20 August, 2.15 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall. First performances: *Bourée Fantastique*, 20 August; *Giselle*, 30 August; *Coppélia*, 10 September; *Etudes*, 13 September. 8 p.m. Matinées Wed., Sat., 2.30 p.m. To 17 September. (WAT 3191.)

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, Mon.-Sat., 7.30 p.m., to 17 September. (KEN 8212.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Merrie England*, 7.30 p.m. Sat. matinée, 2.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Picasso (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

Contemporary Paintings, Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1.

EXHIBITIONS

Boys & Girls Exhibition, Olympia, to 27 August.

British Book Production Exhibition, National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., 17 August-24 September.

Early American Silver & Art Treasures, Christie's Great Rooms, 8 King St. 24 August-25 September.

GOING PLACES for the 1960 Olympiad. Rome's main stadium will hold 100,000. The Games begin on 23 Aug.

FIRST NIGHTS

Victoria Palace. *Rose Marie*. 22 August.

Strand Theatre. *The Princess*, 23 August.

Queen's Theatre. *The Tiger & The Horse*, 24 August.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 310.

Oliver! "... written and presented with enormous gusto ... put across with little of the art that conceals art ... I could do with a great deal

more dancing." Ron Moody, Georgia Brown, Paul Whitsun-Jones, Keith Hamshere. (New Theatre, TEM 3878.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 311.

The Apartment. "... O.K. by me ... though it did leave me with the impression that the American insurance executive is, ethicswise, the end." Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Fred MacMurray. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)



GOING PLACES TO EAT

by John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Case-Croute, Cale Street, Chelsea. (FLA 6174.) Seven or eight tables, and a few more downstairs. A kitchen little bigger than the galley of a Pullman car, but first-class food coming from it. The fillets of sole with scampi and a rich sauce should not be missed. And take your own bottle. Maybe it's the fashion of the 60's, but I still don't like seeing the *patron* of a restaurant smoking on duty. Open every evening from 7.15 p.m. excepting Saturdays. W.B.

The Cumberland, Marble Arch, W.1. (AMB 1234.) "I've got to take the children shopping in Oxford Street. Where can I take them to eat?" Thus ran the letter. My answer was the restaurant in this hotel. It is large—children get bored with small restaurants—busy, and full of life. The menu is wide, the courses generous, and the quality good. So are the prices. All this, plus a string orchestra at lunch time and dinner. W.B.

Hatchett's Restaurant, 67 Piccadilly, W.1. (HYD 1804.) C.S. As popular with young people to dine and dance at night as it is with their fathers at lunchtime. The layout of the rooms has been modernized while retaining the outline that I knew as a small boy taken there for a treat 50 years ago. For me that is its charm. Evening dress is optional today. A band plays pleasantly from 8 p.m. to 1.30 a.m. and 12.30 a.m. on Saturdays. W.B.

The Exeter Room, Strand Palace Hotel, Strand, W.C.2. (TEM 8080.) If business takes you to the Law Courts-Kingsway area this is a good place to eat. It is restful and pleasant, the food is well cooked

and served, and the cost extremely reasonable. Wines are good and inexpensive.

New Kulna, 36 Gloucester Road (top end), South Kensington. (KEN 0271.) For little more than half a sovereign this restaurant, formerly the New Assam, gives you a generous dish of curry, with rice and the necessary trimmings, a salad of Eastern fruits, and a large cup of coffee. The curries, in wide variety, are well made and satisfy the experts. The restaurant is small but spotless, and the staff courteous.

Leoni's Quo Vadis Restaurant, 26 Dean Street, W.1. (GER 9585.) Open on Sundays for dinner only. Pepino Leoni, who opened this restaurant in 1926, is still his own head waiter, with his son Raffaello on his staff. He is also his own *chef de cuisine*. Few restaurants in Soho have more special dishes, and Leoni will gladly give you the recipes to try out at home. Prices are most reasonable. W.B.

Casa Porelli, 1a Launceston Place, W.8. Three minutes' walk from Gloucester Road at the High Street Kensington end is the best route to this small and busy restaurant. No place for intimate conversation or a prolonged meal, it does offer good Italian cooking at reasonable prices.

Driving north

Eyensbury, The Chequers. On the edge of St. Neots, less than 10 minutes from the Great North Road. In its small dining room, furnished with good taste, you can get a first class meal. The beer is well kept but do not overlook the 1953 Pouilly if you choose wine. And do not fail to note the quality of the spoons and forks, the mustard pots and salt cellars. Booking well ahead (St. Neots 116) is essential.



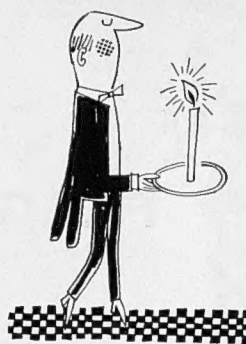


Enquiries by
post receive
careful attention

A beautiful coat in luxurious black broadcloth with a deep shawl collar of black Persian lamb which is repeated on the turn back cuffs. The sleeves are gathered at the wrists. Size 38. £58.19.6.

A high turban in black velvet with its loop and ends to accentuate height. £15.19.6.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED



GOING PLACES LATE

by Douglas Sutherland

THERE'S A LOT OF CONFUSION OVER the definition of night clubs and rights of admission to them. The questions bear special point at the moment because so many members-only clubs now advertise their attractions in the Press in a way that suggests that non-members are welcome. A short tour of some of London's older clubs makes it clear that such is not the case. Strictly speaking, night clubs only came into existence in 1950. Before that they were officially private parties where invitees paid no membership and drew their bottles from a conveniently situated wine store. This ingenious evasion of the law was ended in 1950 when "special hours" licences were granted to certain members clubs and the old bottle parties declared illegal. Though a members club only requires a 5s. licence, a special hours concession is not granted unless it can show a high standard in facilities for members and comply with certain strict L.C.C. regulations. Nor is membership merely a formality in the top bracket clubs. In the great majority, non-members on a night out will be refused admission. Their applications have to go before a committee whose decision will not be known till at least 48 hours have elapsed.

The 400 Club in Leicester Square is probably the most difficult for the casual visitor to join. Generally speaking two members known to the applicant must propose and second him. Protocol, too, is strict. Until quite recently members were not admitted unless in evening dress, though nowadays a dark lounge suit is permitted. Majordomo Rossi takes a pride in knowing his members and keeps a fatherly eye on the late night revels of the sons of customers who were members when the club first opened 30 years ago. Cheek-to-cheek dancing to Maurice Smart and his orchestra is permissible but there is no cabaret. Definitely on the approved list. Dad will probably be there anyway to keep an eye on things.

Another distinguished survivor of the pre-war era is the Embassy in Bond Street. Accent here is on well presented cabaret and dancing to two bands up to about 4 a.m. Satisfying breakfast supplied to late night revellers includes porridge if required. The downstairs bar provides drinks until 2 a.m. with music on the piano by Art Jackson and without the necessity

of paying £1 entrance to the club proper.

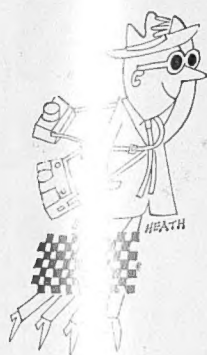
The Gargoyle Club in Dean Street, once a night club with a Bohemian reputation, has recently changed its aspect. Originally started by Mrs. Asquith as a political *thé dansant* it became a late night home from home for *litterateurs*, politicians and actors—Sir Alan Herbert and Augustus John served on the committee. Now proprietor Jimmie Jacobs compères a lively cabaret that relies on striptease from the Nell Gwynne Room upstairs for much of its talent. The Gargoyle is a great favourite with out-of-town visitors, though some of the old clientele may still be seen in earnest discussion in a corner over a bottle of champagne.

Murray's Cabaret Club, the oldest surviving club in London, is also one of the best. David Murray is now in charge of the day-to-day running but carries on the traditions started by his father in 1919. It is famous for the high standard of glamour of the permanent cast of showgirls who tend to stay with the club until they get married or are spotted by the talent scouts who use the club regularly. Innovation which other clubs would do well to copy is a fixed charge for hostess dancing partners that is put on the member's bill. This is stated distinctly on a card put on every table. Hostesses, moreover, do not get commission according to the size of the customer's bill—an all too common practice elsewhere. "I regard my hostesses as P.R.O.s, not Sales Managers," David Murray explains.

Membership list is 39,000 and applications are only accepted subject to a satisfactory bank reference. Murray's believe in a twice-nightly, fast moving cabaret where nudity is only incidental. Continental stars are imported every month to provide spot numbers—next month (September) Constanze, the famous German juggler will be making her first London appearance there.

Surprisingly, I find that not many people turn up at night clubs on the chance of getting in—they are known as "kerbside customers" in the trade. For the most part intending visitors write in to the secretary and can expect to get their membership card within a week or so. The only exceptions are overseas visitors who can usually gain immediate admission by producing their passports and paying a membership fee.

Duomo and Baptistery in Parma



GOING PLACES ABROAD

by Doone Beal

Travelling to eat

I AM as guilty as most people of having raved over food that owed more to some vine-roofed terrace overlooking a lake, to the weather, the wine of the company, than to what I was actually eating. Such food does taste wonderful at the time; nevertheless the real test of food worth a pilgrimage is whether it can be enjoyed on its own merits.

With a few notable exceptions—such as the fabulous three-star restaurant at Talloires, on Lake Annecy—it is true that some of the best food, in both France and Italy, is to be had in restaurants with no particular view or even ambience, and they are usually heavily underscored by local patronage. ("Look for the priests and the commercial travellers," said a friend of mine who knew what he was talking about.) Such a restaurant is the Elephant, which belongs to the Hotel du Commerce in Chambéry. It is one of those rare places which still offers a *blanquette de veau* on the ordinary menu, and whose specialities include some dishes outstanding even in this richly endowed area. I had a superb *gratin d'écrivisses*, followed by a *cotelette Simon* (lamb cutlet cooked in pastry with mushrooms, olives and kidneys all bound in a delicious sauce Bordelaise).

You need only walk through the narrow old streets of Chambéry, or in the market of Annecy with its 17th-century archways and little bridges, to realize why this is one of

the most celebrated food areas in France. One longs to buy a piece of *pâté en crouste*, sliced in sections, and eat it walking along the street, but a touch of Kensington inherent in us all inhibits! Then there are golden puffs of stuffed brioches, *quenelles* and sausages; butchers' meat, bandaged and decorated like Christmas presents; fragrant, farmyard-smelling cheeses and piles of yellow *chanterelles*, bright peppers, scrubbed pearly-white turnips, dewy green spinach. Neither the food nor the wine, it seems, has travelled more than a few kilometres to reach the markets.

A special charm of this region are the tiny *caves*. The output of wine is too small for distribution even within France, and so the source of what is strictly a local supply are the farms, secreted among the byways and cart tracks that run between the hilly vineyards. Sitting between a hutch of rabbits and a bank of geraniums, we drank a bottle of Apremont with one Monsieur Tardy. M. Tardy was (pictorially) rich, with a black beret, flannel vest, and a gold watch chain slung across a rotundity of striped black City waistcoat, his huge blue apron reached to an extremity of faded blue trousers. As the glasses were rinsed from a tap in the yard, he started on a series of wheezy comments in colourful patois, the gist of which was translated for me in straightforward French. He

pointed out that this, his own Apremont, was subtly different from that produced one kilometre away by his neighbour the Mayor, whose wine we had also been tasting. Even this wine, the most commonly drunk of the district, could vary from being almost flinty in its dryness to a flavour quite a bit more flowery.

These local wines—Montmelian and Marechal—are two other pleasant ones—are the basis of Chambéry vermouth, an *apéritif* wine which bears no relation to other vermouths. It is light and fragrant, good on its own or with a dash of gin or vodka—and, incidentally, now obtainable in the U.K. since Gilbey's recently began to import it here. A sister *apéritif* is Chambrizette, which is made in part from wild strawberries. It is slightly fruity for some palates, but refreshing, well iced, and—by experiment, I found—excellent mixed half-and-half with ordinary white wine.

France is not the *only* country for good food, though it remains the mecca. In Italy, the gastronomic palm is hotly contested between Bologna and Parma, both of which are in the fruitful and fertile region of Emilia. Of Bologna I cannot speak personally. Of Parma, I must say that quite apart from the divine Coreggios and one of the prettiest opera houses in Europe, it, too, is worth a gastronomic pilgrimage, especially to the ignorantly superior

whose knowledge of Italian cuisine is limited to *pasta* and *fritto mare*. The crowded but comfortable Aurore puts on some really exciting dishes, of which I especially commend *involtina al cariofo* (veal escalopes, stuffed with creamy *fond d'artichauts*) and their *Rosto Aurore*—a roast of veal stuffed with pork, truffles and various other flavours. Almost inevitably, the meal is begun with the fragrant Parma ham, and the wine to drink with this rich food is Lambrusco. An agreeable dessert wine is the golden Albana—a good accompaniment to *Saint Honoré*, another pride of the house. Two other good restaurants in Parma are Stigliano's, popular with the musical fraternity, and Parmigianino.

Finally, I have news of a special Gourmet's Tour, which leaves London on 27 September and goes via Munich to Salzburg, Vienna, and Budapest, visiting the vineyards of Transdanubia and on the shores of Lake Balaton, and then on to a Vineyard Festival at Badacsony. Back through Germany—Nuremberg, Rothenburg and Deidesheim, returning to London on 15 October. The inclusive cost is 93½ guineas, and the organizers are Festival Services Ltd., 32 Beauchamp Place.



Parma's Piazza Garibaldi

PHOTOS: ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE



By Appointment
To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Manufacturers of Lan-Air-Cel Blankets
McCallum & Craigie Ltd.

Fully Fashioned and Craftsman Tailored Scottish Knitwear

Kintyre

A positive fashion approach plus superlative quality
puts KINTYRE Knitwear in a class by itself

When people who know talk about knitwear they talk
about KINTYRE. This name has come to be acknowledged
as a leader in its field, where good workmanship,
quality and expert styling count for everything.

Made in Scotland by McCALLUM & CRAIGIE LTD · GLASGOW · HAWICK · LONDON



THE TATLER & BYSTANDER

17 AUGUST 1960



Britannia at anchor with the U.S. destroyer Barry, and the Queen Elizabeth passing



Below: Mr. A. Lyell, Mr. & Mrs. Graham Mann, and (in cap) Mr. P. R. Colville



The undisputed chieftain is Prince Philip, the habitat is the Solent, and trews (canvas, oilskin or flannel) are regulation wear. Talk is of rigs, accents are nautical, and the pibroch is the blast of the starter's cannon. Britannia means the flagship, and Coweslip has an "e" in it (also, in the picture above, Himself with Mr. Uffa Fox). The blood enemies are motorboats, especially with photographers aboard. This is

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER

The COWES CLAN

The COWES CLAN

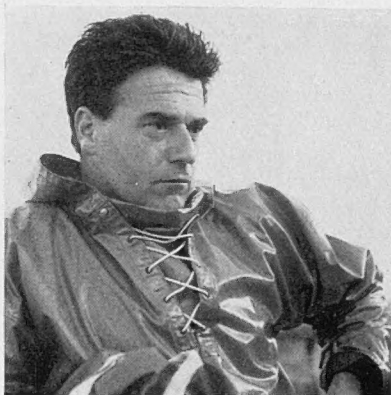
CONTINUED



Mr. "Tiny" Mitchell, Admiral of the Royal Corinthian



Andrea, owned by Mrs. S. B. Stableford



Mr. E. A. Maxwell,
Scottish owner of Sceptre

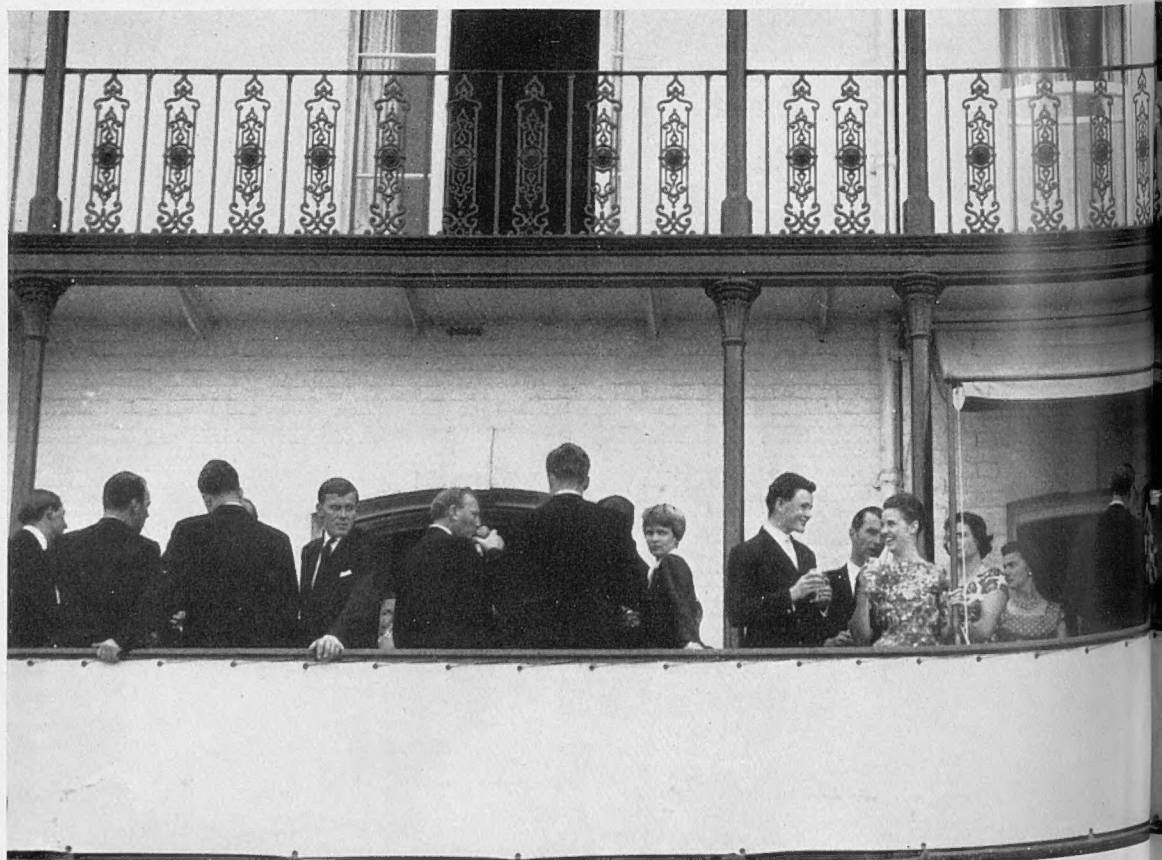
Mr. L. H. Baines &
Mrs. Harrison Broadbent



COCKTAILS ON THE VERANDAH



Mr. & Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones greet
Mr. J. S. Read & Miss J. Hoare



Guests and drinks went outside on to the balcony of the London Yacht Club



Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan



Miss Norvel, who sailed a Dragon

Mural Bowen reports:

TOM HUSHER



Doctor & Mrs. E. Jarrett

Miss Susan Booth
& Mr. Robert Booth

IT WAS a royal Cowes again this year, with Prince Philip racing, the royal yacht *Britannia* anchored out in the Roads (her bright lights making a wonderful ring of colour on the water as dusk fell), and on the Tuesday, warships and motor yachts dressed overall in celebration of the 60th birthday of the **Queen Mother**. The guns boomed out a salute for her. Before the racing Prince Philip did a series of quick manoeuvres in *Coweslip* for the benefit of the Press following in two Royal Navy launches, and joked with his "crew" and sailing friend, Mr. Uffa Fox, as his small craft skimmed about. Nowadays when Prince Philip is photographed



Mr. & Mrs. Ken Gumley with Mrs. Michael Mead

enjoying himself he is nearly always on a polo pony. But I would say that *Coweslip* is the apple of his eye and that *Bluebottle* is the apple of his other eye. Both are more responsive at speed than his polo ponies and when he's yachting Prince Philip always looks as if he's getting a tremendous kick out of it.

Neither boat, though, brought him a winning gun. By top racing standards—and winning at Cowes is becoming more difficult—both boats are getting old. *Bluebottle* (a wedding present to The Queen & Prince Philip from the Island Sailing Club) was the oldest International Dragon at Cowes. I shall expect to see her place taken by another royal boat two years hence.

During his two-day stay Prince Philip went to the ball of the Royal London Yacht Club at Northwood House, which kept up its reputation of last year as Cowes' most glamorous social occasion. This lovely old domed house, squatting in a cluster of trees is now owned by the local council, but I've seldom seen such a superbly done transformation as was achieved by Mr. & Mrs. Charles Blake and Mr. Geoffrey Gilbert. The ballroom had silver stars spun some feet below the ceiling, giving a softness to a cold, lofty room, and there was a bright splash of colour provided by vividly-coloured murals of the South of France fitted into the tall window frames. Branches of trees with "blossoms" gave an effect of growing down the centre of the supper room.

When Prince Philip arrived at Mr. Uffa Fox's table the Commodore of the Royal London, Mr.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

ROYAL LONDON —A BALL

Miss Hilary Laing (who sails
Hilarity) & Mr. Charles Blake

Mr. & Mrs. G. Lanham-Love

Miss Anne Wakefield &
Mr. Brian HeathMiss Françoise Kraska &
Mr. Raphael de Sola

A PARTY AT GATCOMBE PARK

PHOTOS: TOM HUSTLER



Sir Robert & Lady Hobart, who gave the ball, greet Mr. & Mrs. James Robertson



Mr. Peregrine Curtis & Miss Verity Raymond



Mr. & Mrs. Humphrey Atkins with Mr. & Mrs. Denys Peel. The party was a highlight of Cowes this year

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

E. Ellsworth-Jones & his wife joined them and stayed at the table until Prince Philip left—ten minutes after the party was supposed to have finished.

Interest at Cowes this year was centred in the 12-metre boats, and what a change that was from two years ago when many people thought that the zip had gone out of bigtime sailing after *Sceptre* had failed to capture the America's Cup. "There's a terrific enthusiasm to take up the challenge again," **Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan**, captain of the 12-Metres Owners' Association, told me. "Indeed, not since before the war until this year have there been enough 12-metre boats in the country to race as a class."

He doesn't expect to be a possible challenger himself. "*Kaylena* is too old and besides they told me years ago to throw out the cooker and the engine if I wanted to do any serious racing, and I told them I enjoyed my boat as she is. A new boat? Of course there is no stopping once you get the itch for it, but I'm too old. . . ." That seemed an unnecessarily gloomy view for a man who can get across the Pytchley country.

Sceptre, nearly forgotten before, was down from the Clyde with her all Scottish crew, and swept almost everything before her. "I would not call her a difficult boat, but she takes quite a while to know," Mr. **E. A. Maxwell**, the young Scottish businessman who bought her from the America's Cup syndicate, told me.

If "we are to have a successful challenge there will have to be a lot of boats built on an individual basis and raced here against each other," said Mr. "**Tiny**" **Mitchell**, Admiral of the Royal Corinthian and the oracle of Cowes. "You never get success with a syndicate—too many people to fight with each other and trying to run the boat. Expense? There's at least one man in every street of the City of London who could afford to build a boat

capable of winning if it had the right crew."

I don't think the syndicates will like that much. But nobody questions Mr. Mitchell's wisdom. He's come from success at business to success in yachting and at 76 he still successfully sails his own boat.

What a variety of businesses and professions Cowes brings together, and this year more women than ever sailing. **Mrs. E. H. Robinson**, at the helm of her Flying Fifteen, *Shamrock*, won the Fitzpatrick-Robertson Cup, and I noticed **Miss Norvela Forster**, very businesslike in her pink shorts, getting ready Mr. John Perry's *Dragon*, which she sailed. Miss Forster is a girl of many parts: a chemist with I.C.I., a borough councillor in Hampstead, and still in her twenties.

Miss Hilary Laing, the former British Ladies' Ski-ing champion, was at the helm of *Hilarity*.

"We don't win but we have great fun," she told me. And **Mrs. A. Derbyshire** gave her new 9-tonner, *Ladybird*, a champagne send-off when it went down the slipway appropriately the day before Cowes Week. **Mrs. Ross Coles** (her husband, the Surgeon-Lieut., sailed the royal *Coweslip* into second place in one event) told me that her first yachting experience was the Cowes-to-Dinard race, crewing for her husband. "You have no idea what it's like to be seasick in the galley when they're expecting you to produce vast meals," she said.

I met **Mr. Gilmour Manuel** in his kilt ("I don't know what kind of people live here but I've been pointed out as a beatnik on the street"), and **Dr. Reginald Bennett**, M.P., who on this occasion was sailing with **Capt. Morgan Giles**.

PARENTS WENT TOO

But that wasn't the end of Cowes. **Sir Robert & Lady Hobart** had a ball at Gatcombe Park which attracted many of the yachting fraternity. It was meant to be a teenage party for their



Miss Jennifer Hart Dyke & Mr. Peter Crofton Atkins. Guests were largely from the yachting fraternity



Some of the guests watching the cabaret of top stars from the B.B.C. and Grosvenor House

eldest son, John, but in the end parents far outnumbered the children. "We felt if they brought the children it was unfair to expect them to go away and come back again, so we asked them to stay," explained Sir Robert.

The result was a very large party. Col. Dick Kindersley (wearing the handsome Squadron uniform) & Mrs. Kindersley were there, and Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Butler and their daughters, Lady Joan Colville and her son Robin, and Sir Paul Mallison and his family. Others were Mr. Alan G...al, Mr. Patrick Egan, who skips the 12-me... Evaine, Mr. & Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones, Cdr. Vernon Bullen (he's Commodore of the Royal Victoria) & Mrs. Bullen, and Lt.-Cdr. Jack Thornycroft, who is Sir John's son.

Sir Robert Hobart, who is Mr. Hugh Fraser's right hand, an accomplished party-giver, and parties he's run have raised thousands for charity. But this one was Lady Hobart's. She had a marquee built out on the side of this lovely Georgian house (it's one of the finest houses in the Isle of Wight) as a bar, and another on the other side as a supper room. Dancing was in the dining-room where at midnight everybody got on the floor to watch a cabaret. Two days later the Hobarts flew to South Africa; for her a visit home, for him a holiday.

CROWDED CLIVEDEN

Whoever said that August in England is dead? Last week was one of the liveliest I can remember in many parts of the country. At Cliveden, scene of parties for the famous few, there was a crush at a garden party in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (Bucks & Berks sections) that half-way through the afternoon the gates had to be closed. Cars and coaches were pouring in. Vegetables and potted plants for sale were lined up on the stone parapets; there were hoop-la stalls on the lawns by

the intricately-planned box hedges, and film stars used the statuary as tables for signing autographs (pictures overleaf).

The host, Viscount Astor brought his camera (by the end of the day he had taken even more pictures than the press photographers) and his house party, which included the Duke & Duchess of Rutland, and the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquès de Santa Cruz.

"I shan't broach the subject until about January, but I hope that Lord Astor will allow us to come again next year," Lady Joubert de la Ferté told me. "I think he may—he was most terribly pleased with the way that we cleared up the litter." Lady Joubert (see page 289) was co-chairman of the garden party with the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor. I could understand her feelings. With more than 5,000 paying customers the Berks & Bucks branches of the St. John never had it so good.

Viscountess Curzon, Mrs. M. C. Long, Mrs. Thomas Boothman, Lady Forres, Mrs. Guy Fenton, Mrs. John Horlick, and Capt. & Mrs. T. M. Brownrigg were running busy stalls.

But for the coachloads of American and New Zealand visitors there was nothing to match the sight of the English sitting on the terrace, umbrellas up, watching a fashion parade.

FULL HOUSES

It takes a good hostess to make a party go after most of the guests have driven 100 miles from London in a Bank Holiday weekend traffic jam. Lady Ismay obviously qualifies. The dance she gave for her granddaughter, Miss Patricia Evetts, at Wormington Grange, Broadway, Worcestershire, was one of the best of the season. "My mother-in-law organized it all herself," Lt.-Col. "Mike" Evetts told me. "But I think she enjoyed it all enormously—she likes

this sort of thing, you know." Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Evetts received the guests.

Running a ball for several hundred in a medium-sized country house takes a lot of planning. But nearly 40 years of marriage to Gen. Lord Ismay, who was Sir Winston Churchill's Chief of Staff during the war, must bring a few useful tips. Lord Ismay originally intended moving out to friends for the night but—like so many other debs' grandads—when it came to the point he stayed for the fun.

Most of the guests were of the younger generation, Patricia's friends. They included: Miss Denise Coles, Miss Carola Le Hunet Anderson, Miss Hermione Grimston, Miss Julia Cooper-Key, Miss Margot Crichton-Stuart, Miss Merry Williams-Wynne, and The Hon. Mary MacAndrew, daughter of Lord & Lady MacAndrew, who is having her own dance in Ayrshire next month.

Country houses within a radius of 40 miles of Wormington Grange were full for the weekend of the dance. To keep track of where everybody was Col. Evetts had a master list, with each hostess's brood on a separate sheet of paper. He kept it pinned on a board propped up by the telephone. Lady Dulverton had Mr. Charles Bishop, Mr. Simon de Burgh Galway and Count Richard Gurowski to stay. Mr. John Hayter was in Lady Violet Benson's house party, and Miss Alexandra Seely, Mr. Christopher Colles, and Miss Judith Keppel were at Mrs. "Ruby" Holland-Martin's.

DRESSAGE ARRIVES

A couple of years ago dressage, the art of producing the highly schooled horse, was looked on here as a Continental fad. Now standards of horsemanship are rising and the public is coming to watch. Indeed interest in the Dressage Show at Blandford Forum, Dorset, was so great that

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

BRIGGS by Graham





Viscount Astor snaps his daughter, the Hon. Emily, on the roundabout. Below: Miss Georgina Stonor at the stall run by her mother the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



ON CLIVEDEN'S LAWNS



Mrs. Alastair Urquhart, Mrs. Guy Fenton and Viscountess Curzon ran the roll-a-penny stall



Mrs. M. Brazil presided at the hat stall, one of many sideshows raising money for St. John Ambulance

MURIEL
BOWEN
concluded

the novice event of other years had to be abandoned so the show would finish in one day.

"The increased interest is due to people realizing that dressage is practical," Mrs. E. F. Beckett told me. "Point-to-point horses that could scarcely get round the course have come to me for dressage training, and afterwards won races." Mrs. Beckett is the moving spirit behind the South-Western Dressage Group—10-year-old veteran of the now numerous dressage groups—which staged this event.

High spot of the day was the riding of Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, who with Mrs. Joan Gold will represent Britain in the Olympic Games. Mrs. Williams showed what the teaching of calmness, balance, and obedience had done for her spectacular grey, Little Model, the horse she will ride in Rome.

Mrs. Lorna Johnstone (an Olympic rider in 1956) was on her free-moving Scarlet Seal, and others competing were Lady Hermione Roberts, Miss Jenny Bullen, Miss Sarah Canning, and Lady Susan Seymour. In England, unlike the Continent, dressage of any standard is almost exclusively a women's sport.

There to watch were: Mr. & Mrs. John Woodhouse (he's Dorset's High Sheriff), Mr. Stewart Tory, M.F.H., Major-Gen. & Mrs. R. W. Craddock, Mrs. Robert Hall (most promising of our younger dressage riders and a judge on this occasion), Dr. & Mrs. David Morris, and Miss Rosemary Greville Williams, the three-day event rider.



It used to stand for Proportional Representation, but that cause must have slipped up on its PR side—because now the initials belong to something mysterious known as Public Relations . . .

THE HALF-HIDDEN PERSUADERS

AN ARTICLE BY HENRY AWBRY WITH A GALLERY OF LEADING PRACTITIONERS PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHEA SIEVEKING

Some of the best people are going into it—peers, peeresses, princes and Conservative Members of Parliament. Some of the stateliest homes are clients, and this was a deb's mum called it in to make the most of her girl's season. Plenty of other people, though, still cannot make up their minds whether the living is even respectable. The formal name for this business is Public Relations, but the public hardly ever comes into direct relations with it. It is a behind-the-scenes business, a business of go-betweens. It is not exactly publicity, and it is not exactly advertising. Is it exactly aboveboard? Undeniably its main purpose is to make people think better of somebody or something than they might do otherwise ("building good will" is the P.R. man's phrase). But if keeping up a front were a crime, we would all be guilty. It is true that the P.R.O. (O for officer) often tries to ingratiate himself or herself with journalists or others in the hope of favours for his firm's clients. But what's the difference between a P.R.O.'s free lunch for Norman of the *Nees* and a salesman's bottle of Scotch for the head buyer? Anyway, there's a lot more to the P.R. business than victualling potential victims. It takes in:

- Issuing an official statement from a Government department.
- Helping a straying socialite who can't keep out of the newspapers to cut a better figure there.
- Holding a film star's hand at an interview with a browbeating columnist.
- Setting up a party to launch a new line in frozen food.
- Reproaching an editor for publishing an actress's picture without mentioning where her play is running.
- Urging a client to go in for prestige advertising.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

PRESS RELEASE

REL
TOURIST
NEWS

WITH SPEAR, HOOK AND CAMERA - IN TWO BIBLICAL OCEANS
17th June, 1960.
by Philip Gillon

Twenty-eight feet under the surface of the blue Mediterranean the giant rock-cod swings its 75-pound body deeper into the sanctuary of the rocky ledge. The hunt is on. The first protective and... Association... that day the... his subject, another... (including the... leaflet entitled... of Trade... the Employment Exchanges and Youth Employment Offices

The following table gives the number of vacancies filled during the four weeks ended 8th June, 1960, and the number of vacancies remaining unfilled on 8th June, 1960, together with the actual and normal seasonal changes in the number of unfilled vacancies compared with the previous month for each of the last three months.

Region	Vacancies filled in four weeks ended 8th June	Vacancies unfilled on 8th June	Change in the number of unfilled vacancies compared with previous month (the figures in brackets are the normal monthly seasonal changes*)		
			May/June	April/May	March/April

PRESS RELEASE

UNITED KINGDOM ATOMIC ENERGY

"THEY CAN KEEP THE WHISKY BUT I WANT JEWELS BACK,"

says LISA CASTONI

Dear Sirs,

We enclose herewith particulars of the Trial Trip of the m.v. "KIRRIEMOOR" and shall be glad if you will give publication to these in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,

for HAWTHORN LESLIE (SHIPBUILDERS) LTD.

27.6.60 - No.20

Unheralded by the usual long bang of publicity drum, the most long bang of the year, the most significant British Studios are already slipping into schedule with... English girls are rapidly losing their femininity, says... He said it at the end of...



General Post Office

PRESS

BROADCAST NOTICE

NEW SUPER-TECHNIRAMA PROCESS ADDS GRANDEUR TO EARLY JUDEA

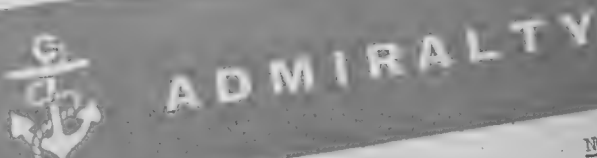
In the sumptuous splendour of Pontius Pilate's palace
The world of Rowland...
New D. Luxe Birthday Greetings Tr...

22nd June, 1960



NATIONAL MILK PUBLICITY COUNCIL Melbourne House, Aldwych, London WC2
Telephone: Covent Garden 0791

A JERSEY COW will be sent by registered post on MONDAY, JULY 25th from WOBURN, Beds., to the GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1., where she will be one of the principal guests at the FIFTH JUNE DAIRY FESTIVAL DINNER AND BALL.



NO. 101/60

NEW RELEASE

VISIT OF CHIEF OF JAPANESE MARITIME STAFF

Admiral Mitsugu Ihara, Chief of Maritime Staff, Japanese Maritime Staff, is making an official visit to the U.K.

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE
FISHERIES AND FOOD

PETER FINCH, (BACK FROM THE WILDES)
DO STAR IN "NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE"

Back from the Wildes
two-year journey to
standards

WORKING PARTY ON CO-OPERATIVE HORTICULTURE

Visit of Parliamentary Secretary to the

Mr. Joseph Godber, M.P., Joint Parliamentary Secretary of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, will be in London July with two other members of the working party.

MARRIAGE AND ME-BY DIRK BOGARDE

BOGARDE, one

invitation
MAGAZINE SCREENING - "THE BRIDES OF DRACULA"

You are cordially invited to a special magazine screening of Hammer's latest spine-freezer in Technicolor "THE BRIDES OF DRACULA".

PAK STREET

Quarterly newsletter of the Sand and Gravel Association of Great Britain

flowers now decorate a section of the fabulous Diana Dors magnificent indoor bathing pool. These plants, which are indistinguishable from the real thing, can withstand the temperature of 110° F which kills all real plants.

SUNTAN WITHOUT TEARS

clocks, patterns, and the skies, blackening the great houses.

might well be the work of... on farmland.

amounted to 16,747,500 tons

photograph of lovely Diana Cave-Hawker burns red and flaky and she suffers without the usual experience

THE VARIETY MATCH

For immediate release.

owns the pale line of fle... beauty she has after a... colourful wild flowers... st time VITASUN... developed

Conducting a group of travel agents on a "facility" flight (i.e. it costs them nothing on a new airline service).

Writing a letter to *The Times* to defend British Railways against charges of late trains (seemingly an impossible task, but gamely developed by Mr. J. H. Brebner).

Advising a tycoon on the psychological moment to leak his take-over bid.

Circulating a handout to all magazines with a Class AB readership.

Making sure the brand name is always printed with a capital letter.

Pretty innocuous activities, all of them, surely. If they raise questions at all, they can only be such questions as: "Is it worth while?" or "Is that a special job?" or "Do people get paid for that?" But the sort of reaction they do produce is nothing like so mild. Intellectuals who come into contact with P.R. tend to denounce it as a sort of conspiracy (phrases like "alien to our way of life" are heard). To most journalists it is almost a dirty word. Few businesses more readily provoke a sneer.

What people dislike about it is easy to see. They feel they are being got at. And it is no comfort to say that they are being got at by advertisements too. The difference with advertisements is that they persuade openly. Admittedly the U.S.A. has subliminal ones, which are about as underhand as anything could be, but they don't exist over here. Public Relations, however, exists in a big way. New P.R. firms are opening every month. New P.R. departments are constantly being launched by advertising agencies. Whitehall and local government are always adding P.R. men to the payroll. In industry and commerce, too, nearly every business of any size employs its own staff P.R.O. Some have several. They are all persuading like mad and they surface only occasionally. These are the Half-hidden Persuaders.

There is a special source of resentment among those who find themselves receiving the attentions of the P.R. business. They begin to feel like the housewife who is forever answering the door to the sewing-machine rep., or the vacuum-cleaner salesman, or the Fuller Brush man. Constantly their phone is ringing with suggestions, invitations, requests—and the fact that some of them are genuinely helpful is swamped. As for the journalist, he has his own list of complaints. He says (and no one could contradict him) that he is deluged with handouts about matters that couldn't possibly interest him. He says that the P.R.O. stops him from dealing direct with the chap who really knows (forgetting that the chap who really knows would need 36 hours in the day to cope with all the journalists who want to deal direct with him). He says that it must be a rum business when so many failed journalists do so well at it. There's little doubt they do, but then so do many successful journalists as well. What the journalist misses is that the P.R. business is uncomfortably similar to his own. They are both dealing with that unknown, the public mind, and one's man guess may be as good as another's. So P.R., like journalism, teems with the unqualified.

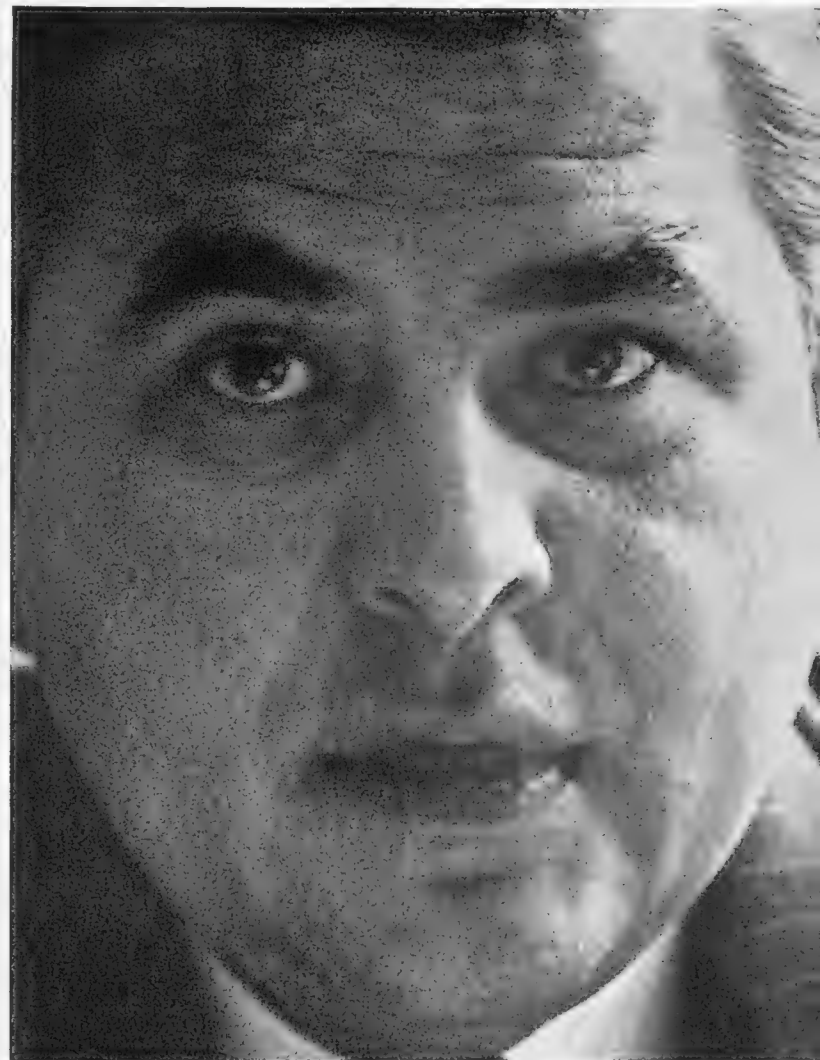
But it can be said for the P.R. business (and it cannot be said for Fleet Street) that an organized

THE
HALF-
HIDDEN
PERSUADERS

continued

TOBY O'BRIEN belongs to the subtlest segment of this pushing business: his approach is so personal that all his letters look private ones from a friend. Actually the printed address in St. James's Place (soon to change to Old Burlington Street) is not his home but his office, and there he exercises his bonhomie brand of P.R. on behalf of Cunard, the Channel Tunnel, and Spanish Turismo (he has had a big part in making Spain popular). His home is in Chelsea, and he is married with five children. Mr. O'Brien was once Peterborough of the Daily Telegraph, later Tory P.R. chief

PRINCE YURKA GALITZINE is chairman of Galitzine & Partners Ltd., who stress that they are "International P.R. consultants." Their list of clients justifies the contention: it includes P. & O., I.B.M., and the Suez Canal Co. Prince Galitzine, photographed in his office overlooking Grosvenor Square, has an American wife and three children (one by a former marriage). He sees P.R. as a business of "educating managements in attitudes to the press, their own staff, stockholders, and customers. It's much more than just press agency. A handout is about the last thing we think of"



effort is being made to raise standards. There is an Institute of Public Relations, which has quadrupled its membership in seven years, and which conducts comprehensive examinations in professional practice. Some things, though, no voluntary body can do. For instance, it cannot allay suspicion that plenty of fancy prices are charged for unmeasurable results, or that clients are still shown batches of favourable press cuttings that would have been printed even if the P.R.O. had never existed. More difficult still, it cannot get rid of the feeling that there's something not quite right about trying to soften up the public, regardless of the merits of the product or the cause in question. In fact there are men of outstanding ability in P.R. who are sometimes able to help the client improve his product or to offer the sort of general business advice that is normally available only inside a high-powered boardroom. Even if the P.R.O. is pulling a dud, it is difficult to see why he should be criticized any more than counsel defending a criminal. But then there are still people who aren't happy about that, aren't there?



ANN LITTLE is the Little in Brunskill, Little & Partners of Berkeley Square. Daughter of Sir Rennie & Lady Izat, she drifted into P.R. soon after leaving the W.R.N.S. and now operates in what she describes as "the whole field of women's-influence purchases." Examples of her clients clarify the point: Pierre Cardin, Quaker Oats, Colibri lighters. Married, has a five-year-old son and lives in Rutland Gate. Says: "Markets have grown, firms have merged, and brands have become impersonal. P.R.'s job is to restore the personal feeling"

LADY JOUBERT DE LA FERTÉ, a recent recruit to the business, is a P.R.O. in effect though not in name. Since April she has been Administrator of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. She has an office in Regent Street, where she tackles her job in a disarmingly down-to-earth manner, answering queries, handing out information, and fixing things. With no thought of "the image" or "mutual understanding" in her head, she is the sort of resident representative that more and more moderate-sized concerns are employing. She brings to the task long experience as a charity organizer, especially for the St. John Ambulance Brigade. In private life she is a golf enthusiast (captain of the Berkshire, handicap 14) and wife of Sir Philip, the retired air marshal

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY has for two years been running his own firm, democratically known as John Kimberley Associates Ltd. He operates from premises in South Audley Street, where he also lives. Clients include Gilbey's, various American industrial interests, and (when they are in Europe) Hollywood stars like Marilyn Monroe, Gina Lollobrigida, Rock Hudson and Gregory Peck. Says: "P.R. is recognized by all major industrial concerns today as a part of good management"

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN (right), son of the portrait painter, is known for what he describes as "specialized forms of publicity." His Public Relations Promotions Ltd. likes to take under its wing prominent personalities who suddenly find the press are always at the door, e.g. Mr. Paul Getty. As a former William Hickey (for about three months) he knows what they are up against. Other clients include Tangier and Knocke-le-Zoutte. A resourceful organizer, fires ambitious fashion promotions in places like St. Moritz

FAY SMYTH, a South African, has been in London 10 years and started here as a journalist. Now a group head in the P.R. department of J. Walter Thompson, in charge of about 10 accounts including Campbell's Soups, Courtelle, and South-West African Persian Lamb. Says: "It's an extraordinarily stimulating business, especially in a big firm like this. It's much broader than mere press publicity. We've just organized a £10,000 exhibition"

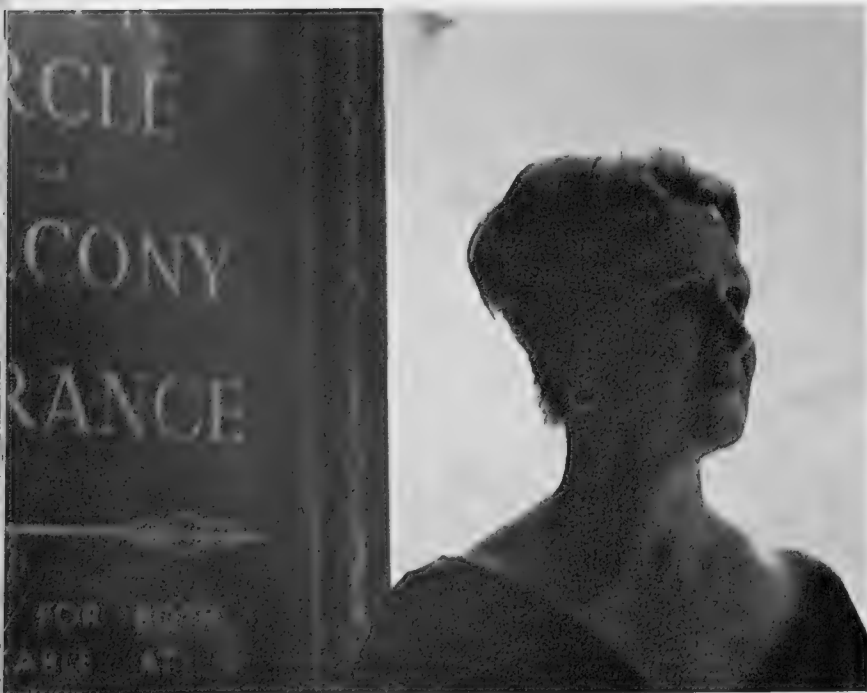


THE
HALF-
HIDDEN
PERSUADERS continued



THE HALF-HIDDEN PERSUADERS *concluded*

ALAN CAMPBELL-JOHNSON (whose daughter had a memorable coming-out at the Zoo last month) started in PR pre-war and went back to it after a six-year stint with Lord Mountbatten, latterly as his press attaché in India. He is the author of *Mission with Mountbatten* and of biographies of Eden and Halifax. He was a political candidate (Liberal) in 1950 and has a political partner, Lady Tweedsmuir, in the firm he now runs. President of the I.P.R. in 1956, he has clients that include Esso, Thomas Hedley, Imperial Tobacco, and Watney, Mann. Says: "The job is industrial diplomacy. . . . The P.R.O. must open doors. Already the doors have been opened to many industrial activities that the press would never have found by itself"



VIVIENNE BYERLEY has only her own name on her letterhead, but is actually on the staff of H. M. Tennent, whose public relations she has handled since 1947. Like a good P.R.O. she is anxious to have mentioned that the firm's newest West End production *The Tiger & The Horse*, starring Michael Redgrave, opens at the Queen's next week. Her association with the theatre began by working for a playwright as secretary-researcher, and her office is inevitably in Shaftesbury Avenue. Says: "Any publicity is not better than none. Bad publicity can be extremely harmful. A little of the right is much better than a lot of the bad"



DAVID BROOK-HART heads what he claims is the largest independent P.R. firm in Britain. It's named after him (he founded it in 1952), has 45 clients, and he says, "we never lose one." They include Epsom Grandstand Association, Gillette, British Aluminium Foil, and the furniture industry. Married, with three young boys, he lives at Little Manor, Stoke D'Abernon. He is a man with decided views about his business: "It's mostly common sense and hard work. Some people talk about it as though it were a religion. All I say is that, exercised sensibly, it's a useful tool of management. But too many charlatans are trying to take it up

A THEORY ABOUT GOLF

*A girl stands to
improve her status
—and certainly her
bridge—even if she
can't hit the ball*

BY ERIC WALMSLEY

basic fibreglass, or pre-Apsley House, scheduled as an Ancient Monument and of roughly the same proportions. Only the most rugged will wish to associate with clubs whose male committee members describe themselves as burgesses or moot-wardens, patriarchy being rampant in them and the standard luncheon saddle of ox.

Proposers and seconders are of the highest importance. If no dukes are members of the selected club, the social scale should be worked through as far as Ministerial backbenchers. After that the list may be broadened to include past captains of the club, former amateur champions and, as a last resort, members of the less disreputable professions and their licit consorts. At the interview which will follow later the dress should be as for Ascot and the conversational gaps filled in with critical references to the price of mavrodaphne during the cruising season.

Once elected, nothing less than bigamy will cause expulsion, and social life will gradually develop. Bridge provides recognized opportunities, but conventions should be chosen with the greatest care. The One-Club opening, in particular, now carries stigmas that can undo months of patient groundwork. A strong No-Trump is excellent, a weak takeout desirable, a weak three permissible and Norman's, which few understand, preferable to Blackwood's. Inquests should be held about whether the contract has been made or not, the approach being the didactic rather than the aggrieved or penitential. Prestige will always result from redoubling, whatever the consequences. Congress dates should be noted and forced into the conversation. Minimum stakes should be £1 a hundred.

Inevitably, occasional references will be made to golf. "Look," someone will say brightly as she glances out of the window between hands, "there's Diana on the 18th!" A lot of the game's vocabulary can be picked up in this way; and once confidence has been acquired it would be wise as well as courteous for the newcomer to put forward a few tentative personal contributions. "That flagstick isn't straight" might do for a beginning; and later, "I think Deirdre heaves!" or "There's something too *dismaying* about the way Anne-Marie always sockets her short approaches."

From this a closer interest may well follow. Begin with a walk round the course. This will not only reveal scenery of a surprising beauty; it also provides a form of exercise that is unexpectedly invigorating, there being nothing in the initial stiffness that a competent physiotherapist cannot rectify. Avoid walking on the greens in high heels, however, as the more serious-minded may seize on the resultant indentations as an excuse for inaccurate putting; and insinuations of that sort inevitably lead to recriminations. Two or three outings of this kind will soon establish two important points,

namely *that the eighteen holes are all different*—and that because they are all different, they present varying types of problem.

Now the time has really come to decide whether to take up the game in earnest. Against the inevitable moments of grief and suffering must be set the realization that non-players cannot join in mixed foursomes, with all their exciting possibilities when ball-hunting in the thicker rough; and that the purchase of equipment has now become such an art that its potentialities for social advancement are now almost equivalent to a complimentary ticket for a Bertram Mills first night.

Fourteen clubs are, unfortunately, all that the present rules allow; but a set of the most exclusive American irons, together with four similar woods and one of the more exotic-shaped putters, should not leave much change out of £100. Mink head-covers for the woods and the putter should advance the bill sharply, as will a pig-skin golf-bag, provided it is initialled or crested. Personal equipment should include at least ten pairs of shoes, four of them spiked, a dozen or so twin-sets, skirts, slacks, blouses, afternoon frocks and coats and skirts (for prize-givings), stockings, gloves (as a protection against disfiguring callouses), hats, a few simple yet costly jewels and sun-glasses, if worn. Rainwear, too, must be considered. True, only the most dedicated will be mad enough to play the game voluntarily when it's wet, but the treachery of the British climate, particularly in April, can always be relied on to soak the unwary at the farthest possible point from the clubhouse.

The use of a little imagination here can prove most interestingly expensive; and minor items like balls, trolleys, umbrellas, shooting-sticks, pedometers, scoring-watches and surgical tape can all add impressively to the bill. The supreme luxury for those who are allergic to prolonged exercise is an electric buggy, but it should not be invested in without first ascertaining the men's committee's attitude to such inventions. Even without this, it is the easiest thing in the world to spend at least £750.

Now comes the question of lessons—and the sad fact must be faced that these are essential. For golf, it will soon be found, is a surprisingly difficult game, and to fall flat on the face after attempting to strike the ball is not only *démodé* but painful. This will undoubtedly be a period of trial and tension, during which the only thing to think of is the rewards that perseverance will bring. After all, a certified handicap of 36 has a social *cachet* that contrasts more than favourably with the cragginess that so often accompanies success at the game's loftier levels. In short, golf is a game that it is quite good to be bad at, provided that the badness is sufficiently contained to avoid affront to human dignity. Even if that point is not reached, you can always go back to the bridge.

PROVIDED they don't go in too enthusiastically for actually playing the game, there's no denying that joining a golf club (one of the better-class ones, of course) has distinct social opportunities for ladies. Potential gains include an immeasurably increased address list, a bar open at unusual hours, a wide choice of male fellow-members, and the chance of talking about "our committee," with its interesting political and socio-charitable overtones. But in all fairness I'd better admit at the outset that playing a round means an absence from the clubhouse of anything up to five and a half hours, with corresponding restrictions of conversation. Moreover, degrading experiences in sand, water and gorse, besides fraying the temper, leave their mark on the most carefully contrived coiffure. The circumspect will therefore join first, and let the golf follow in nature's own good time.

Choose carefully. No good has ever come from nine-hole courses on village commons with a Nissen hut for a clubhouse. The stewards here will not have heard of China tea and the barmen will not understand about the curacao in a brandy flip. Civilization's niceties make 18 holes essential and 36 desirable; and the clubhouse should be either post-Westbury and

There are those who maintain that the Act of Union has turned out to be more of a take-over bid, and just now they can make a pretty strong case. The Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the President of the British Medical Council, the chairman of the Stock Exchange, and the head of the British Transport Commission are all of Scottish blood—not counting some of the latest evidence, shown here, of hewing

HOLES IN HADRIAN'S WALL

Easily the most ambitious festival in Britain, the Edinburgh (which opens on Sunday) has overshadowed all rivals in its brief post-war existence. This year, besides offering Bea Lillie, Victoria de los Angeles, and the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, it is unexpectedly topical in presenting Nadia Nerina (right), with the Royal Ballet. She is to dance in Moscow later this year with the Bolshoi





Proving that a true Scot never minds what odds he faces, the Earl of Home braves the uproar from the Commons and calmly moves into the Foreign Office—the first peer to hold sway there for 40 years. Of course he had help—from a colleague by the name of Macmillan



JANE BOWN

Steadily expanding south, Mr. Roy Thomson, recent Scots insurgent from Canada, has now done a deal in Manchester to share the evening paper market with The Guardian. He had already acquired the Kemsley chain and is openly interested in adding a national daily



Due to play its part in the growing pressure to herd tourists north of the Border, the new Forth bridge for cars is expected to be opened in 1963. Here it is seen from the railway bridge at an early stage of construction

St. Andrews, world headquarters of the businessman's game around the world, celebrated this year the centenary of its premier contest, the Open. In the historic clubhouse, the effective founder of plus-fours displays the approved wear of his day

HOLES IN HADRIAN'S WALL *continued*



Triumphant invader of the nation of shopkeepers, Mr. Hugh Fraser snatched their prized Harrods from under their noses, completing a sort of massacre of Glencoe among London stores. Is also putting the ginger into Scotland's tourist effort

Newest political hostess in London is the Countess of Dalkeith, wife of the by-election victor of Edinburgh North. The earl and his wife now have a house in Princes Gate Mews



DESMOND O'NEILL

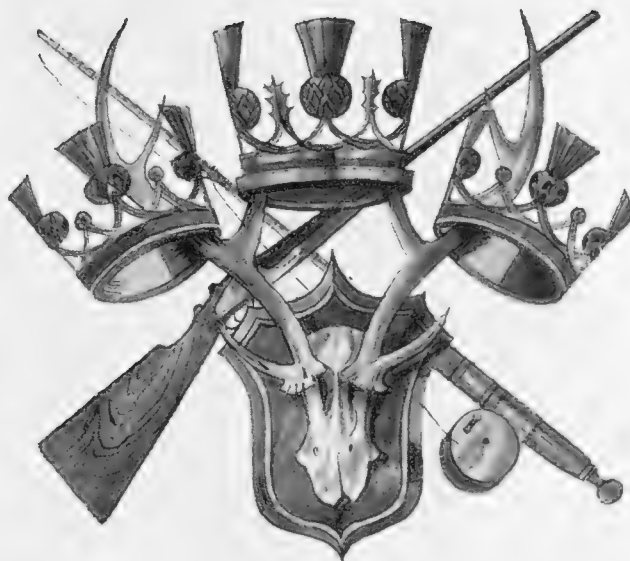


Above: Far-ranging like so many of his compatriots, Dr. Campbell MacInnes is the Anglican Church's Archbishop in no less a place than Jerusalem. Son of a former Bishop in Jerusalem, he has spent 25 years in the Middle East and speaks Arabic fluently. His jurisdiction extends from Lebanon to the Sudan



A new R.A. this year is Sir Basil Spence, who was also knighted last month. He has a home in Edinburgh as well as in Canonbury (THE TATLER 18 May). His Coventry cathedral is probably the most memorable contemporary mark on England's green and pleasant land, and now he is doing something to Hampstead

The Macbeth story is still fetching them, and the latest version to come out of Scotland is an American effort with Broadway stars Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson as the bloody pair. Miss Anderson incidentally is now a D.B.E., and was invested by the Queen last month



Among those to whom the Season means the time when you can legally pursue selected fauna there is something even more satisfying than improving on the record bag of grouse, or landing the fattest salmon, or picking off the handsomest pair of antlers in the herd. It involves only three kills, but the first snag is that they must all be of different species. The second one is that they must all be brought off on the same day. Between one sunrise and the next sunset you have to down a brace of grouse, hook and land a salmon (some say a trout will do), and shoot a stag. The sportsman with skill or luck enough to perform this unlikely feat achieves

THE TRIPLE CROWN*

and can be confident of hearing his name discussed reverently among fellow sportsmen all his days. Indeed, so esoteric is the achievement that nobody who should know does in fact seem to know whether anybody has ever actually done it. The record books are silent. There is no doubt, though, that the ambition exists and is lovingly contemplated. One of the obvious difficulties to implementing it is that there are not many weeks and even fewer places where it is even theoretically possible. Scotland of course offers all the necessary creatures, but anybody inspired to try his hand should turn the page before plunging. He may well be discouraged by the range of equipment he will have to lug around . . .

** Also known as a Royal Flush*

GUIDE TO ARMOURY ILLUSTRATED OVERLEAF

For the stag, a .275 rifle with telescopic sight (£120 from John Rigby & Co. of 32 King Street, S.W.1, sight from £50 extra). Bullets—ask any ex-soldier about the weight—cost £7 a 100. A Croghan walking-stick is recommended as it can also be used as a steadying-prop for the rifle. It is not unusual to cut your own. A suitable tartan adds dash to the operation, as well as being practical wear. This is a Hunting Stewart (35s. a yard, 54 in. wide, from Scott Auldie Ltd., 14a Clifford Street, W.1). Finally a gutting-knife with

bone handle & sheath (25s. from Cogswell & Harrison, Piccadilly). . . . For the grouse, a double-barrelled 12-bore (£500, also from Rigby's). Cartridges are £2 7s. a 100. . . . For the salmon, a 12 ft. 6 in. rod (£26 5s.) with reel (the "Perfect" at £7 10s.) and flies (a separate subject in themselves). Also a rearing-gaff, with bamboo handle and lanyard, spiked at non-business end to get you a purchase in the most rushing stream, and with the hook neatly guarded by a spring (£4 18s.—all from Hardy's of Pall Mall, S.W.1)







FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

V6

James Watson & Co. Ltd.

DISTILLERS LTD.

A DROP O' SCOTCH

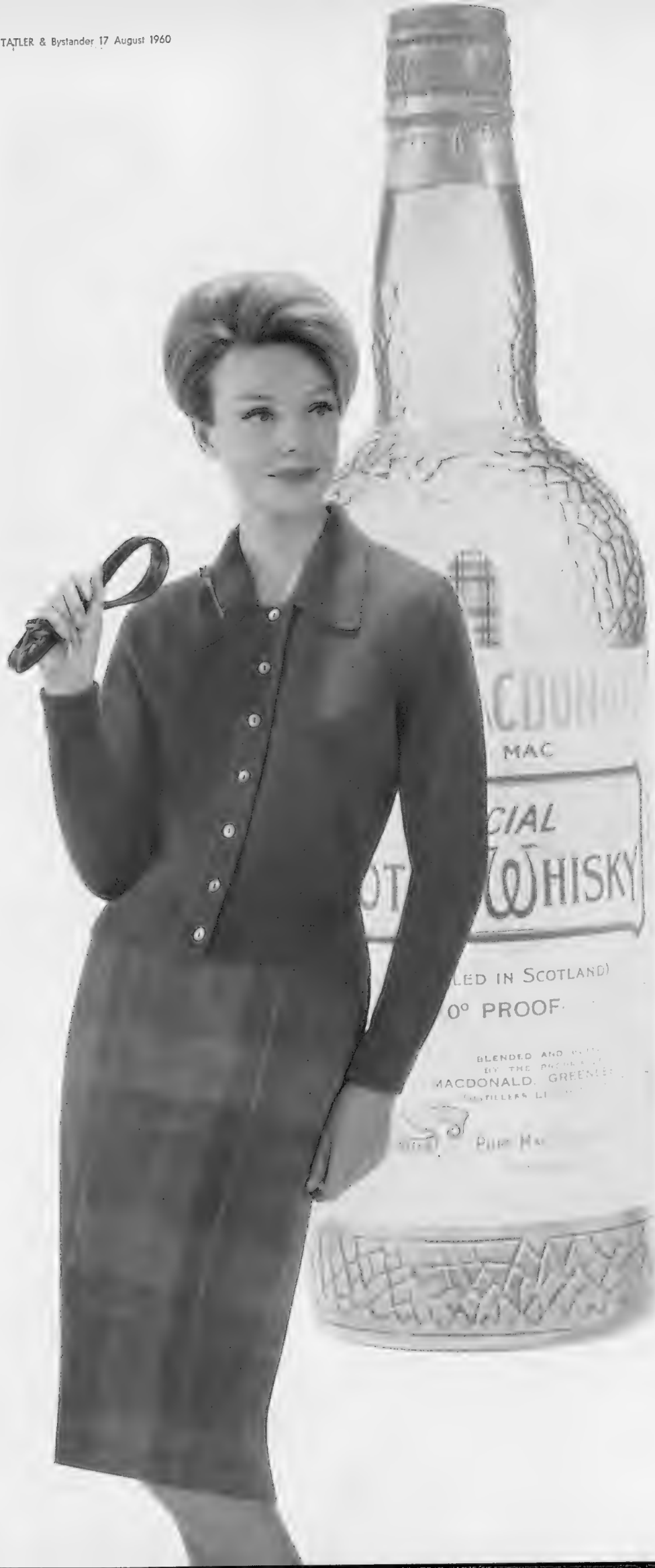
*The Scotch in question is knitwear,
exquisitely soft cashmere and
lamb wool for cardigans, sweaters,
twin-sets, skirts and suits, pictured
here for purposes of comparison
alongside some well-known brands
of hard stuff with the same excellent
terms of social reference*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER CLARK

Terracotta cashmere is knitted by Peter Scott into a fashionable loosely-fitting long-line cardigan with an open fly-away ribbed collar. Worn with a toning black and tan shadow-checked skirt from the Scotch House, Knightsbridge, who also have the deerstalker hat. The cardigan is at Scott Adie, Clifford Street, W.1; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; McEwens, Perth. Prices: cardigan, £7 10s., skirt, £7 17s. 6d. The drop of Scotch is John Dewar's White Label, distilled in Perth

Oatmeal lambswool sweater (*opposite*) by Hogg of Hawick is knitted in straight easy-fitting lines with long wrist-length sleeves and a deep V-necked ribbed collar. It is worn with a beige and cream checked tweed skirt from the Scotch House. The sweater can be bought at Harrods, S.W.1. The sweater costs £2 19s. 6d., the skirt, 5½ gns. The drop of Scotch comes in a distinctive dark bottle labelled Vat 69 from William Sanderson & Sons, Ltd.





Long known for knitwear teamed to specially dyed skirts in a vast range of colours, Munrospun also sell perfect matched knitting wools and lengths of cloth. Here a moss-green lambswool cardigan is worn with an identical green skirt checked with tan (it can be bought ready-made or by the yard). The cardigan is also made in the tan, and there are many other designs in cardigans and sweaters that can be worn alternatively with the skirt. Both cardigan and skirt can be bought at Derry & Toms, W.8; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford; Dalys, Glasgow. Prices: cardigan, £4 19s. 6d., skirt about £5 19s. 6d. Traditional Highland dagger brooch in silver set with topaz costs 4 gns. at the Scotch House, Knightsbridge. The drop of Scotch is Sandy MacDonald, blended and bottled in Leith by MacDonald, Greenlees Ltd.

A
DROP OF
SCOTCH

continues



Knitted suit in a black and tan Prince of Wales check jersey by Holyrood, the old-established firm now taking on a new look with Scots-born couturier Ronald Paterson designing for them. Straight-skirted with a long easy fitting jacket with push-up sleeves the suit is a typical example of the wonderful value offered by this firm, made possible by Paterson's brilliant designing plus the efficiency of modern manufacturing methods. It is obtainable at D. H. Evans, W. 1; Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh; price: £10 19s. 6d. The silver plaid brooch set with a cairngorm costs £6 15s., from The Scotch House, Knightsbridge. The drop of Scotch is White Horse from the Island of Islay

A DROP O' SCOTCH *continued*

Off-duty favourite, a long "sloppy-Joe" turtle-necked sweater knitted by Kintyre in feather-weight ribbed sky-blue mohair. Worn with toning trews in blue and brown tartan from the Scotch House, Knightsbridge. The sweater can be bought at E. S. A. Marine, London, W.C.2; Dalys, Glasgow; McEwens, Perth. Prices: sweater, £6 15s. 6d., trews, 5 gns. The drop of Scotch is Claymore Highland from MacDonald, Greenlees, Perth



Cardigan by Ballantyne knitted in cashmere in five tones of grey ranging from charcoal to mist. The plain charcoal push-up sleeves team up with the ribbed edging of the cardigan. At Harvey Nichols, S.W.1, price 12 gns., but not until the end of the month. The drop of Scotch is John Haig's sturdy Gold Label

Good sense for early autumn days, a knitted suit from Pringle of Scotland who used stone coloured bouclé wool for the short-sleeved, short-waisted cardigan top fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons and matched with an all-round ribbed skirt. At Jenners of Edinburgh in this and other colours, 11 gns. The drop of Scotch is James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.'s Black and White



Styled on the internationally famous Chanel suit, Braemar's twinset in grey and white cashmere has a short-sleeved sweater with a wide rounded neckline and a straight cardigan edged with plain grey. Worn with a Braemar toning grey lambswool skirt knitted with permanent pleats. Twinset is at Harrods, London; Scottish Export House, Prestwick & Renfrew; House of Harris, Edinburgh; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Skirt at Fortnum & Mason, W.1; Fenwicks, Newcastle; Grant Bros., Croydon; prices: twinset, £16 16s., skirt, £5 5s. The drop of Scotch is 70% proof King George IV from the Distillers Agency Ltd.

The last
DROP O' SCOTCH



The traditional kilt gets an original treatment from the Scotch House, Knightsbridge. It is made in oatmeal wool to regulation pattern and teamed with a matching jerkin. The kilt is also made in other colours. Worn with plaid silver and cairngorm brooch also from the Scotch House. Prices: jerkin, 4 gns., kilt, £7 17s. 6d.; brooch, 8 gns. The drop of Scotch is Long John 70% proof distilled in Glasgow

Pure camel wool in natural colour makes Pringle of Scotland's over-the-hips sports cardigan with deep-set raglan sleeves and narrow ribbed welt. Worn with a straight camel wool skirt, leather-belted, from the Scotch House, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Cardigan at Jenners of Edinburgh. Price: £5 9s. 6d. The skirt costs 10 gns. Silk cravat and silver and cairngorm brooch both from the Scotch House, 17s. 6d. and 8 gns. respectively. The drop of Scotch is Johnnie Walker, of course



COUNTER SPY

on a foray over the border

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM: DON JARVIS

MIXED BAG OF SPORTING EQUIPMENT IS CHOSEN for an autumn of stalking, shooting and fishing. **Trophies** can be mounted (like the antlers and slot in the picture) by Rowland Ward whose new West End address is 65 Grosvenor Street. Antlers are mounted on polished or plain oak shields with ivory plaques inscribed with shooting details and customers' initials. Mounting costs £4 5s., plaques from 12s. 6d. Slots can be mounted in three ways: on shield for £5 plus inscription; with a silver cap and ring with inscription round the cap, £4 7s. 6d. (engraving extra), or in the French manner with the slot plaited and mounted on an oak shield for £5. Complete heads should be sent immediately to reach Rowland Ward within 68 hours for good results. Address to their workrooms at

15 Leighton Place, Kentish Town, N.W.5. Heads cost £28; more for mounting on a shield. **Fishing tackle** from Hardy Bros. includes a bait releaser (*far left*) that is strong but light. Pull of release and careful playing of the line liberates the bait. Price: 19s. 7d. Box for holding spinners, 30s. **Toddy ladles** from Margaret Mackenzie of Piccadilly Arcade have horn handles with silver or metal bowls and cost from 1 gn. to about £4. Day-to-day *sgéan-dhubh* with a steel blade, carved horn handle and leather scabbard costs 2 gns. Above it is a chased silver plaid brooch set with a cairngorm. It comes from a selection with prices starting at £7 10s. Grouse claw mounted in silver can be used as a kilt pin or a brooch: 21s. **Accessories** for shooting come from James Purdey, who have

the strapped pigskin bag convertible to a shoulder bag. Prices from £7 5s. to £10 6s. 2d. Pigskin cartridge belt costs £2 12s. From Jenners, Edinburgh, leather shooting mitts, lambswool-lined, 25s. 6d.

Intelligence Report

A young expert on trophy mounting works at the Army & Navy Stores where he mounts deer antlers, heads and slots; also fox masks, pads and brushes; otter masks, pads and rudders; hare masks, pads and fish mounts. The work takes some months to complete and antlers or slots on a shield cost 50s., latter with metal cap and ring 82s. 6d., heads from £21. Fish-mounting takes six to eight months and estimates are given.

LORD KILBRACKEN

Elsewhere on the Celtic fringe

THE CELTS, as is generally known, are a great race of individualists, and individualists have a laudable tendency to disrespect—or to ignore—the laws. This redounds to the freedom of the person without somehow bringing the law into disrepute. I have had a continual reminder of this at one of my local hostelrys which, until the regulations were unhappily made much stricter a few weeks ago, habitually opened at closing time. I had another example of it the other day when I nonchalantly broke the law twice in a morning without any real feelings of remorse. Cockfighting and poteen.

The back of the car, a neglected and ugly thing of uncertain vintage, was bumpy and uncomfortable. In the red glow of my cigarette, I checked my watch. It was three o'clock in the morning and a thin pre-dawn breeze was penetrating my duffel coat. The driver was silent; an hour earlier, I had abandoned any further attempt to make conversation with him. I did not know his name, and he did not know mine.

Even my destination was unknown to me. That was all part of the bargain. I was to see my first cockfight, and visit a training establishment for cocks—somewhere in Ireland. In return, several pound notes had changed hands, but no names of places or people had been mentioned. The car lurched and bumped as we pulled into a deeply rutted lane, and I guessed that we were somewhere around the Monaghan border. The engine stopped and then—at cockcrow—I heard the cocks crowing.

Cockfighting, since the days of the Normans, has flourished in Ireland. I knew nothing about it except that it was illegal and that a large gathering was expected. To many people, cockfighting is an ancient and honourable sport. Personally I don't agree; but I had come to observe.

The barn I entered was big and roomy. Dawn was showing under one of the doors. Crates of fighting cocks were stacked around the walls and, attached to each crate, were

paper legends with names like "*Dan*" and "*Pep*." Three men in tweeds and cloth caps approached me and said "Hallo" but there were no introductions. Clucking softly, a long, lean man lifted out a cock. He caressed it, talked to it, gave it a loud smacking kiss and tenderly replaced it in its crate.

The men talked animatedly about their work. One said: "There's a dark side to a cockfighter's character—like the side of the moon you never see. But we are not cruel to birds. These cocks would fight to the death if man never interfered with them. There is fight, and fight only, in their blood."

The more ardent and ambitious cockfighters, I discovered, send their birds to training establishments like this one, just as a racing owner sends his horses to a popular trainer. The head trainer here, a tall man with mild blue eyes, told me that his job was the perfection of the cock's natural instinct to fight. "I try," he said, "to make each bird use its beak and spurs to the best advantage against any enemy."

I kept my opinions to myself, and wandered around asking questions until it was time to leave. An hour later my driver was signalled to stop by a squad car. The tall police officers asked if we had any cocks—"poultry," the sergeant said ironically—in the boot. We hadn't, but he didn't check. Then he asked the driver: "Where are you bound for?"

"Cork," he replied promptly.

"Aren't you going in the wrong direction?"

"I prefer roundabout ways," the driver replied deadpan, and the sergeant waved us on.

I had been told that a man with a white handkerchief on the third crossroads would guide us, but he was not there. "The guards must have eased him off," said my driver.

At a lonely farmhouse, an old woman said: "The army must be on manoeuvres: cars going past in thousands all night, and starting my rheumatics."

We drove on, asking questions, examining

tracks in country lanes, till a motor cyclist gave us a quick signal and we passed on to join many rows of cars parked in a tree-screened field, miles from a main road. There must have been at least two hundred, and they ranged from a lone splendid Rolls to battered vans and station wagons. There was now a blue sky, and the air was full of cockerows.

The spectators made a wide circle and two men, birds in arms, advanced across the ring. They stretched out their arms, and the cocks' beaks were touched. They paced back again, pivoted to face one another, released their charges, and the cocks met in mid-air.

Feathers, groans, gasps, as the cocks hopped and dug savagely at each other with their metal spurs which had been fitted a few minutes before the fight. To give them a break, the handlers parted them. A man counted to 20. Again a flurry of feathers as the cocks met in mid-air.

This time it was over quickly: weakly, the triumphant cock balanced himself on the tattered body of the vanquished, and emitted a small, pathetic crow.

I looked at the spectators' faces: wealthy businessmen, strong farmers, tradesmen, countrymen, shopboys. There was none of the nausea which I was feeling in their faces. They busily collected their bets; the dead bird was stuffed into a sack and cast aside.

Now the scales to weigh the next contestants were in use. Brandy and meal, to strengthen their courage, were liberally fed to them. Men were shouting: "Who'll lay me a fiver—Dan of the South?"

I never saw Dan's fight. Under a green oak tree, I found my morose, taciturn driver. "Home," I said.

On the road he gave me a slug from his flask. It was a colourless liquid: smooth, warm, full of goodwill. It was, of course, poteen, and I carelessly committed my second illegal act of the morning. I enjoyed it.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES—I

Greetings from a grandson

When the Queen Mother had her 60th birthday her youngest grandson came to call at Clarence House with presents. This picture, taken in the garden there, shows the six-month-old Prince Andrew a plump happy baby, much grown since the first set of photographs of him were seen last March. He was accompanied on the visit to Clarence House by his brother the Prince of Wales, and Princess Anne, his sister

2. OTHER PEOPLE'S (WATER) BABIES

On the beach at Bembridge

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BETTY SWAEBE



CHRISTOPHER ABEL SMITH (six years), son of Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Smith. His mother is a Lady Waiting to the Queen who is Christopher's godmother



JENNIFER (six years), CHRISTOPHER (seven), and MARY ROSS (nearly two) are the children of Mr. & Mrs. John Ross from Herefordshire. With them are HUGH (2½) and ROSALIND (5½), whose parents are Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Bullock from Herts



TIMOTHY PETTIT (1½ years), son of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Pettit of Blackheath

THE EARL OF YARMOUTH (two years), son and heir of the Marquess of Hertford





SOPHIE WHATELY (left), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Whately (she is dress designer Belinda Bellville), and JAMIE KIDSTON, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Archie Kidston. Sophie and Jamie are both four years old. In the back seat is VICTORIA, 14-month-old sister of Sophie.

Above: CAREY TURNOR, seven-year-old daughter of Major & Mrs. A. R. Turnor and granddaughter of Lady Gore



THE HON. CHARLES CAYZER (three years), the younger son of Lord & Lady Rotherwick

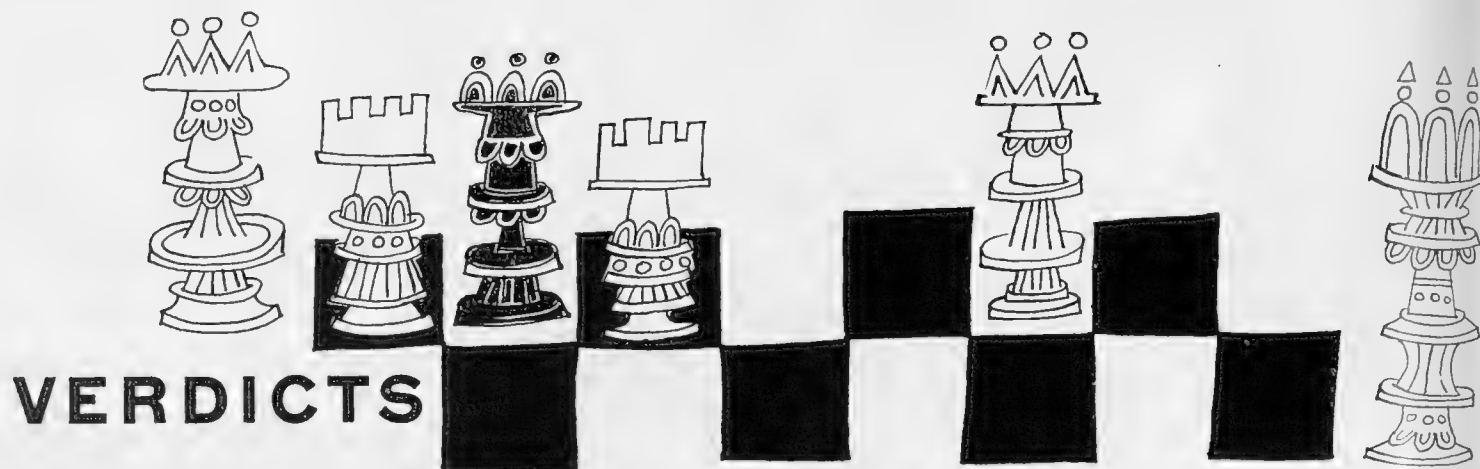


PRINCE RUDOLF (2½) and PRINCE KONRAD LÖWENSTEIN (12 months), sons of Prince & Princess Rupert zu Löwenstein



SARAH BRAY (3½), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Bray who live at Brighton

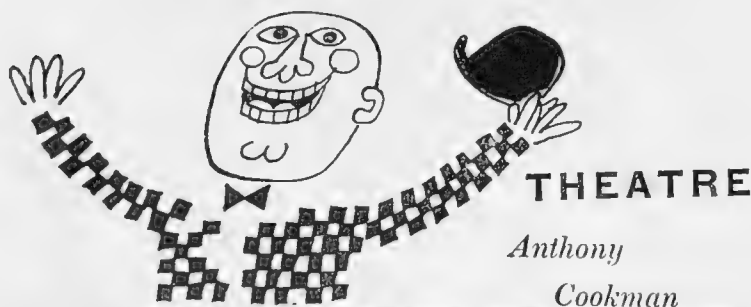




- The play* **Miss Julie.** Lyric, Hammersmith. (Diane Cilento, Leon Peers, Pamela Pitchford.)
- The films* **From The Terrace.** Director Mark Robson. (Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, Myrna Loy, Ina Balin, Leon Ames.)
The Lost World. Director Irwin Allen. (Claude Rains, Michael Rennie, Jill St. John, Davin Hedison, Fernando Lamas.)
Psycho. Director Alfred Hitchcock. (Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, Janet Leigh, Simon Oakland.)
- The books* **A Bundle Of Sensations,** by Goronwy Rees (Chatto, 21s.)

- Portrait Of Manet,** by himself and his contemporaries. (Cassell, 30s.)
A Kind Of Loving, by Stan Barstow. (Michael Joseph, 16s.)
Insufficient Poppy, by D. J. Enright. (Chatto, 15s.)

- The records* **Kid Ory Plays W. C. Handy.**
That's A Plenty, by Wilbur de Paris.
At The Roundtable, by Jack Teagarden.
Blowin' The Blues, by Edison, Sims, Land.
Soul, by Coleman Hawkins.
London Jazz Quartet, featuring Tubby Hayes
- The gallery* **Summer Exhibition.** O'Hana Gallery.



A girl outside her time

THE REVIVAL OF STRINDBERG'S *Miss Julie* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, may turn out to be ill-timed—but only in the sense that any classic of 19th-century realism runs counter to prevailing taste. It is popular at present to suppose that stage illusion is a sham which it is childish, even idiotic, to indulge. The fashionable directors go out of their way to destroy the illusion of actuality. They want to make it clear to the audience that what they are watching is not real life but a theatrical performance.

Mr. Norman Marshall has just pointed out that this odd notion derives not from Brecht, as is fondly supposed, but from Brecht's misunderstanding of Mierhold, and that it was originally evolved to meet the deficiencies of unsophisticated and often illiterate Russian audiences after the Revolution. Long ago discarded in Russia, the theory is now with extraordinary naivety being applied to present-

day English audiences who are perfectly well aware that a play, whether realistic or fantastic, is only a play.

As the Brechtian vogue passes, this particularly pointless gimmick will, I have no doubt, pass with it. But those who still delight in its workings may look askance at *Miss Julie*, which is a play which strives so intensely to illude that it is performed without intervals. (Strindberg was afraid that intervals would give the spectator time to reflect and thereby escape from the mesmeric spell that he was trying to cast.) There is no doubt about the spell, but those who resent being mesmerized by stage illusion are mistaken if they assume that the spell springs simply from the ferocious realism with which an ugly social disaster is presented. The enduring interest of the play is that its characters, the young countess, her father's valet and even the cook, objectify the tooth-and-nail conflict of contradictory

ideas and impulses within the dramatist himself. This conflict makes a fascinating spectacle. For Strindberg was a man of genius whose mind was a field for all the psychological, social and intellectual battles of his time, and a field on which no decisive victories were won. The romantic was left contending fiercely with the realist, the traditionalist with the revolutionary, the misogynist with the man who mistrusted men, the anarchist with aristocratic impulses; and the heat

and fury, and strain of this war on all fronts is felt coming and going gustily through a play which ostensibly describes a decadent aristocratic girl falling disastrously for one of her menials.

Miss Diane Cilento's *Miss Julie* is an uneven but nevertheless a striking performance. The unevenness comes about, I think, through the unevenness of Miss Leila Blake's direction, which is sometimes admirable in its balance and smoothness and at other times



CRISPAN WOODGATE
 THE TEMPTRESS (Diane Cilento) finds the fervour of the valet (Leon Peers) a great deal more than she can handle, in Strindberg's mesmeric *Miss Julie*

disconcerting in its rushing of points. At such times Strindberg's claustrophobic intensity, which should be constant, breaks momentarily, and Miss Cilento is left in the air. But the actress's performance is within the limits permitted her by the uncertainties of her producer remarkably supple and well controlled. Savage and capricious, commanding and suppliant, a woman and a child by turns, she makes something telling of each phase of Miss Julie's brief ecstasy and agony. All the contradictory impulses of her twisted character are revealed clearly and not without subtlety. When she bullies the valet into taking her to his bedroom the fact that the girl's fall is not to her

servant's level but below it is admirably brought out. No less clearly are we made aware that the girl wants to be loved but also wants to be dominated. And when both are thoroughly frightened by what they have done Miss Cilento gets genuine pathos from the plight of a girl who has no religious faith but desperately needs something to believe in and can only try to believe in a man whose vulgarity she despises and openly reviles.

Mr. Leon Peers gives her virile and intelligent support as the valet who is as determined to climb as the girl is determined to sink, and Miss Pamela Pitchford brings the small but important part of the cook firmly to life.

degradation. Mr. Mark Robson's direction is highly competent and so is the acting—but, padded out with irrelevant detail, the film still seems too long by half.

In a somewhat lurid screen version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's yarn, *The Lost World*, Mr. Claude Rains, gone ginger and fearsomely hirsute, enjoys himself hugely as the flamboyant and opinionated Professor Challenger who returns from South America to rock the Zoological Institute with the announcement that, near the source of the Amazon, he has discovered a volcanic plateau where the Brontosaurus and other pre-historic monsters still survive.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" says a rival zoologist, Mr. Richard Haydn—and is promptly invited to join the professor on a see-for-yourself expedition, providing funds can be raised. The money is furnished by an American newspaper proprietor, whose adventurous daughter, Miss Jill St. John, just burns to bag a Brontosaurus. "I'll have no women on my expedition!" bellows the professor—which goes to show that he knows nothing about movies.

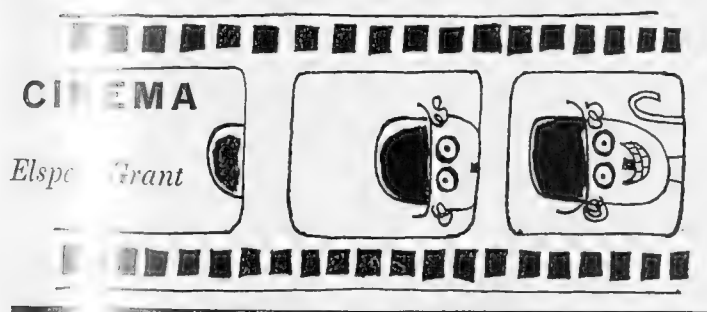
The party that arrives on the plateau includes Mr. Michael Rennie, a titled playboy, Mr. David Hedison, a clean-cut American reporter, Senor Fernando Lamas, a South American who strums a pretty guitar—and Miss St. John, in a series of fetching South-of-France ensembles all perfectly matched by the ribbons with which she ties up her little pet poodle's ears.

Brontosauri (yes, they're there all right) gallumph through the tulgy undergrowth, bellowing alarmingly. Man-eating spiders, emerald green or ruby red, drop from the treetops. A Dinosaur and a Tyrannosaur (or some such) battle to the death. Hostile human natives (cannibals, I think) menacingly appear, the plateau's innards rumble thunderously, red-hot lava bubbles—and the intrepid Miss St. John screams like anything. It's all quite absurd but rather fun—especially for the children.

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is notoriously a practical joker and I can't help feeling that with *Psycho* he has pulled off another of his spoofs. All the secrecy surrounding the production convinced Hollywood that "Hitch" was working on a masterpiece—all the portentous pre-publicity led cinema-goers to believe they were in for a film that would shock them rigid. What a let-down comes now! The story—of misappropriation, murder and mental derangement—is unconvincing, the dialogue dull, the acting indifferent (except from Mr. Anthony Perkins who is persuasively schizophrenic), the trick camera shots overdone, the horror scenes largely plain laughable, and the ending so predictable that I shan't even bother to disobey Mr. Hitchcock and reveal it to you: you'll see it coming a mile off.



UNEASY RELATIONS in *From The Terrace*, as husband (Leon Ames) (above) bullies wife (Myrna Loy). Middle: Their ambitious son (Paul Newman) also has his troubles, notably an unfaithful wife (Joanne Woodward). Top: Mother, a dipsomaniac, seeks solace from son



ad was such a handicap

IT TAKES PAUL NEWMAN TWO solid hours and 20 equally solid minutes, in *From The Terrace*, to discover that money isn't everything. Who have learnt, as near as a teacher, to live without the stuff could have enlightened him in three seconds flat—so perhaps I may be forgiven for having found his gropings towards the truism a trifle wearisome.

Of course, his reception on returning from World War II is enough to give him wrong ideas. His mother (Miss Myrna Loy, making a sad little comeback to the screen) has become a weepy dipsomaniac—and an unfaithful wife, into the bargain. His ever-unloving father (Mr. Leon Ames), who has profited from munitions contracts, has developed into a loud-mouthed bully.

Mr. Newman cuts himself free from the family business and the family rows and, with no capital but his brains and a capacity for work, joins two "friends" in starting up an aircraft factory. His modest ambition is to prove himself a better man than his father and to have five million dollars in the bank before he's 40.

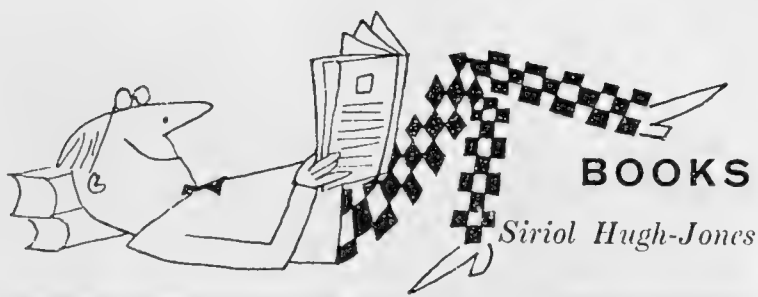
Miss Joanne Woodward, the spoilt and over-sexed society girl he has married, finds his dedication to work an awful bore—and is delighted at the prospect of more time for love-making when his partners shoulder him out of the business. He is not free for long. Through

rescuing a multi-millionaire financier's grandson from drowning, he achieves a lucrative but demanding job on Wall Street—and soon Miss Woodward is virtually a grass-widow.

This doesn't suit her at all: she falls back into the arms of her ex-lover, a psychiatrist (Mr. George Grizzard) whose couch is always at her disposal. Her infidelities are so flagrant that Mr. Newman's all-powerful boss, Mr. Felix Aylmer, takes it upon himself to discuss the matter with his employee. Mr. Newman would like to divorce his wife and marry a sweet, simple girl (Miss Ina Balin) from pure Pennsylvania—but Mr. Aylmer strongly disapproves of divorce.

Dangling a partnership before Mr. Newman's nose like a golden carrot, the old man induces him to condone his wife's misconduct and continue to live with her—even if it is as a husband in name only. This suits Miss Woodward down to the ground: she can indulge her extravagant tastes in clothes (some of her outfits are really enviable), take her fun where she finds it and laugh in the face of her helpless husband, who's bound hand and foot by his ambition.

Mr. Newman grits his teeth and seems prepared to put up with anything—until a disgusting piece of downright business blackmail, at very long last, opens his eyes to his



Such splendid confusion

BEING AN OBSESSIVE COLLECTOR OF memoirs, diaries, letters, jottings, and traditional autobiography, almost any sort of non-fiction narrative with the ghost of a first person singular is catnip for me and worth (hush) half a dozen novels. The greater has been my pleasure lately to find such a fine harvest of recent autobiographies—first-person material with a new sound, oblique, discreet, digressive, bordering, you might say, politely upon the impersonal and infuriating to the reader on the lookout for bleeding hearts laid bare, appallingly frank confessions, memories of old quarrels kept tender and green.

There's been Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Laurie Lee, Mr. Nicholas Bentley shyly peeping out behind quotations, Mr. Peter Quennell elegantly flitting about through literature and parties, and now here comes Mr. Goronwy Rees with *A Bundle of Sensations*. The title describes what he claims any individual personality amounts to. After any number of classic autobiographies which confidently relate just what the author was like at any given time and precisely what he thought he was up to, this new wave of reticence, obscurity and pure bafflement is a relief—and may, I dare to guess in a muted whisper, have something to do with the projection and exhibition of jumbo public personalities through publicity

which causes its own inevitable reaction in a bleak refusal to join in the fun.

A Bundle of Sensations is maybe a touch naughtily fragmented and dislocated, but I am not one to harbour base ingratitude for what is offered with such beautiful manners and good grace. We catch glimpses (unlinked but complete in themselves) of the author as a child in Wales, at 20 visiting a weird pre-war Germany, joining the Territorial Army as a private (a marvellous chapter), being a liaison officer with the Dieppe Raid, revisiting Germany as part of the Control Commission, and lying foggily in a public ward after a car crash. We must assume that these are significant episodes in his life, since he has chosen to reveal them. Other than that, we are at liberty to deduce that Mr. Rees is observant, sharp of eye and tongue, witty, intelligent, and writes a beautiful precise clear prose—which ought to be enough for anybody. One of the charms of this kind of evasive autobiography is that it leaves so many tantalizing gaps which can be filled in with later volumes. Nowadays it seems to be plain greedy to want the whole meal laid out in front of one at the same time.

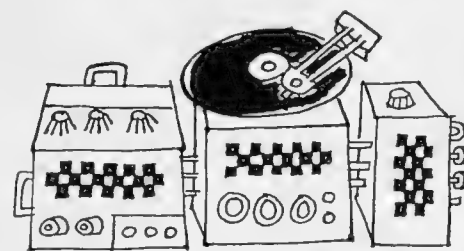
Portrait of Manet, by himself and his contemporaries, by Pierre Courthion and Pierre Cailler, translated by Michael Ross, is the new kind of biography, built up from letters, contemporary documents and comments of the time. If it doesn't have the vitality and amazing three-dimensional clarity and actuality of the greatest in this line, *Napoleon in His Times* (nor the sardonic, edgy wit the linking passages lent that masterpiece), this book is nevertheless magic reading, and the opportunity of looking at a famous figure through the eyes and point of view of his own times rather than ours is both irresistible and strangely eerie. It is like watching a documentary film in print, and if this method of biography is going to become a fashion it will provide splendid available blocks of source-material for the life-and-times men of the future.

A Kind of Loving by Stan Barstow is a quiet, sad and funny, completely convincing novel about Vic Brown who works in a drawing office and gets trapped into marrying

a dim, pretty girl with a fearful dragon-mother. The beauty of the book is the first-person narrative in Vic's voice; cheerful to begin with, a touch brash and self-confident, very likeable, honest through all the calamities, fatally good-natured, and without a word in it that doesn't sound probable.

D. J. Enright's *Insufficient Poppy* is a rum book in which I became too involved and muddled to locate more than a few traces of plot.

There seemed to be a couple of friends, one of whom dies, in Bangkok, and a fading cowboy film star called the Colorado Kid, not to mention opium and a few girls here and there. It is both agreeable and faintly spooky, and though I have only the dimmest idea of what it is about, I can say without a shade of doubt that it creates a powerful, fairly suffocating but for some reason enticing climate of its own.



RECORDS

Gerald
Lascelles

Going back to basics

MY BEARDED FRIEND, REX HARRIS, has just written a book, *Enjoying Jazz* (Phoenix House, 10s. 6d.), in which he attempts to explain jazz for beginners. He set himself a mammoth task, and has partly succeeded. At any rate the novice will nose first into the ingredients that went into the melting pot, about which I never cease to remind you! Then he will find himself whisked painstakingly through the "basic" jazz, all historical stuff. Sometimes, I think unkindly, he is told to go out searching for a 30-year-old record, out of catalogue for at least 20 years, which may (if he finds it) give him a scratchy clue to the importance of Smith's or Brown's style, and its undoubted influence on late-comers to the jazz scene. My mind boggles at the thought of "bop, progressive, cool, and mainstream" (sic) being dismissed in a mere eight-and-a-half pages. The creators, the progressives, the people you and I have to listen to now if we want to hear live jazz, are surely worth more space than that?

In an odd way, for he writes well and concisely, Rex Harris has avoided the main issue. He tells us what to enjoy, but not always how to enjoy it. I find it inexcusable to write such a platitude as "Many people are sorry that there has been a split in the ranks of jazz..." and serve this up to the would-be novice as a preface to his ultimate guidance—to like that which you like most, and suffer other people's whims and excursions with indulgence.

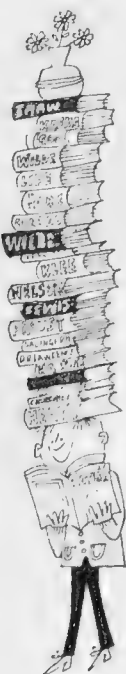
To enjoy jazz, for me, is an almost inevitable part of hearing it. If I don't enjoy it, either I put it aside on the grounds that I am not in the mood for it, or I discard it as not being jazz. This may sound a sweeping summary, but it works infallibly. Sometimes, as in the

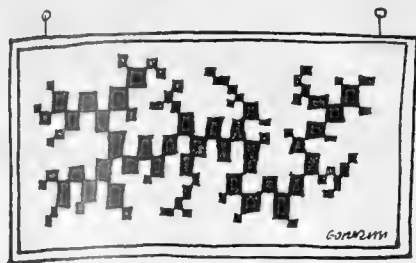
case of **Kid Ory** plays *W. C. Handy* (CLP1364), I have to go back to remind myself of the fundamentals on which Rex Harris sets such importance. He is right, because I like this record, without regarding it as important or historical. Much the same view applies to Wilbur de Paris's *That's a plenty* (SAH-K6079), where enjoyment is the keynote of an unmemorable Dixieland session, notable mainly for its original choice of material.

One that I did not enjoy, since I know his real potential, was Jack Teagarden's *At The Roundtable*, a sterile and uninspired nightclub session, which could not even have been sparked off by the habitual visiting firemen! Then there are the flashes of brilliance which emerge from a set such as *Blowin' the blues*. (LAE12224), where Edison's trumpet, Land's and Sims' tenor, and Wes Montgomery's guitar must inevitably attract pleasurable attention. In the same class is that most notable expression *Soul* (32-095) coined once and for all by Coleman Hawkins, whose fantastic album with Burrell and Bryant makes one of the outstanding releases this year.

My gramophone conveniently developed a slipping clutch after playing the London Jazz Quartet's first album. Tubby Hayes, the most exuberant of the British School, chose his excellent team, and put together this album (TAP28) in which the excitement and the enjoyment come first, pursued by experience and technique. I am glad I could play nothing afterwards—it would have been an anti-climax.

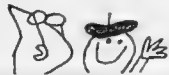
P.S. The other week I called Joe Harriott "one of the most potent red-men." No political reflection, of course, I meant "reed-men."





GALLERIES

Alan Roberts



The Utrillos alone are worth it

I WENT TO THE O'HANA GALLERY TO see what Mr. Jacques O'Hana had managed to rustle up for his summer exhibition and was lucky to find my way in at the tail end of his show of pastels, water colours and drawings from Picasso's Blue period. Unfortunately this exquisite little collection has now moved on to Geneva at Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwick. I say unfortunately, because it makes an ideal aperitif (or, as in the case, liqueur) to the gargantuan meal that is still packing up at the Tate.

Of particular interest is a pastel study for the painting of the *Old Beggar and Child* which has recently arrived at the Tate from Leningrad. There is also a pastel of the artist's sister Lola executed in the best Utrillo manner somewhere between 1900. Most of the other important drawings show the influence of Toulouse-Lautrec which he brought back to Barcelona after his first trip to Paris in 1901.

But I must not be sidetracked by the irrepressible Pablo again. I went to O'Hana's to see the summer exhibition: that in itself deserves all the space I have. The Utrillos alone would make a visit worthwhile. There are seven of them and they date from 1900, the middle of his glorious White Period, to 1925 when the ingenious magic had given way to a certain degree of calculated cleverness.

It is difficult to credit now that landscapes of such beauty as *La Grande Rue, Sartrouville*, painted in 1914, and *Rue de Village*, painted

in 1915, both suffused with a gently glowing pink light and singing with colour, were painted by a man staggering from bar to prison to asylum and back again. At this time his instinct for paint, his innate feeling for colour and sense of tone and atmosphere never failed to return to him between his bouts of alcoholism.

He was already working predominantly from picture postcard views and photographs which his genius completely transcended. But by 1925, as can be seen in *La Rue Saint Vincent, Montmartre*, of that year, the rot had begun to set in. The innocence is gone. It is as if someone were trying to imitate the master. And that is exactly what Utrillo was beginning to do—trying to recapture his own greatness. He never succeeded and the works he painted in the turbulent, debauched, drunken decade between 1908 and 1918 were the peak of his achievement. Perhaps it was he whom Picasso had in mind when he said: "*Copier les autres c'est nécessaire, mais se copier soi-même, quelle pitié.*"

The Renoirs here—there are also seven of them—tell a different story. The earliest of them, *Woman In Hat*, painted in 1895, when the artist was 54, shows him at the end of that period in which, inspired by classical draughtsmanship and fearful of the decline into which Impressionism threatened to fall, the intellectual process of drawing became temporarily more important than the sensuousness of colour.



LESLIE THORNTON'S Seated figure with a chair, from his exhibition of bronze sculpture at Gimpel Fils is of welded deoxidized copper strip reinforced with Brazotectic rods. This technique produces a variety of colours

The biggest of them (5 ft. x 4 ft.), *La Famille*, painted in 1900, illustrates the beginning of his last, grand manner before paralysis made it impossible for him to paint unless the brush was strapped to his hand. The three women and baby in the picture are grouped in a vague garden setting and the whole thing is so lightly painted as to suggest water colour rather than oil.

The latest of the Renoirs, *Flowers*, dated 1914, is a little thing typical of the tragic period of this gentlest of artist's cruel affliction. In it, though everything else has gone, the love of paint and colour remains.

Worthy of Renoir in its extraordinary sensitivity is a pencil and crayon drawing of a standing nude by Vuillard. Among the other delights of this show are a superb, pre-pointilliste landscape by Pissarro that once belonged to Dr. Gachet (who attended Van

Gough on his deathbed); an early Rouault clown, powerfully sombre in colour; two excellent Dufys; a fine Modigliani portrait; a Cézanne watercolour and several Chagall fantasies.

Outside this select company—well outside it—are a sickeningly slick Vlaminck landscape, a banal, late Kandinsky abstraction, and a canvas by Kees Van Dongen, so huge and so idiotically trite that it dominates the gallery like a bad smell. Called, portentously, *War and Peace*, it shows a sickly-looking blonde demi-mondaine clutching one breast with talon-like fingers and exposing the other coyly to view. She poses awkwardly against a theatrical background of curtains and stars and heavenly light while at her side are—wait for it—a symbolic white dove and a flaming sword. Ugh! No wonder the thing is from the collection of the artist!

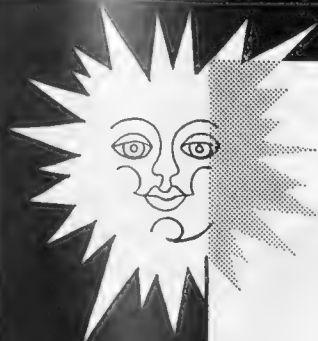
FOND DE TEINT SOLAIRE-MAT

NEW TWO IN ONE FORMULA!

A NON SHINE SUNTAN CREAM AND MAKE-UP BASE

Wear alone as a flattering mat suntan cream,
or as a protective foundation, with cream
rouge and powder. In Four Tempting Shades.

LANCÔME



BY

ELIZABETH

WILLIAMSON



Schoolgirl simplicity for sweet-talking hair—short and swirled over the head with a smooth abbreviated back by André Bernard and (below) cropped and clinging airily round the head by Rose Evansky

Short and sweetened



I ASKED THEM: "What are you doing about hair this autumn?" And the hair-conjurers put down their scissors and spoke as one: "We're cutting it." And there you have the short but sweet tale they'll all be telling as the leaves flutter down this autumn. The scissor-men may stand as one on the line but they differ in their angles. For example: **André Bernard** takes it easy with a shiny polished head, flicking forward in tendrils either side with a forward-falling hairline, a short nineteen-

twenty-ish back. The sweetenings are his rinses to add new glint to autumn hair—*Rowan Haze* for redheads, *Autumn Haze* for medium tones.

French of London plays it cool with waves curving forward on to the cheeks and deep controlled waves at the back. His sweetenings are tones of Titian, rich copper and amber.

Dumas bells hair smoothly and shortly or swirls it high on the forehead and on to the cheek. Sweetening here is all the browns from cool coffee to dark brown sherry.

Alan Spiers is cutting a softer version of the 'twenties back, which smoothly follows the shape of the head into the nape, has height on top and sides set into waves deepening over the ears or flicked forward. His sweetenings are two blondes: one soft and pale, the other coffee-toned, tobacco brown and red caviar.

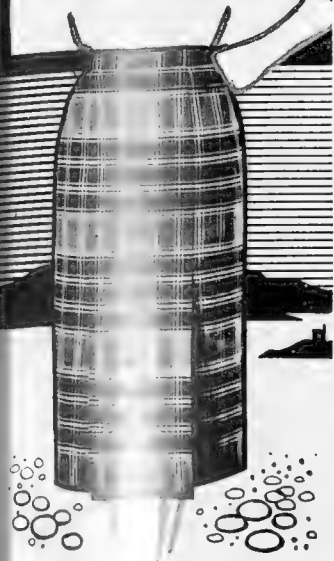
Steiner too plumps for a version of the shingle but a curvy, shapely one which moves into a tapered napeline from a slightly heightened crown with a swift movement over the ears. His sweetenings are tawny and can be sampled at home via four new tones in his *Glo-Ahead* which lathers into hair in five minutes—*Amber Blonde*, *Amber Gold*, *Amber Brown* and *Smoky Pearl* which gives a softer hue to grey hair.

Vidal Sassoon is shingling into a point at the back, flicking the front hair forward to break over the hairline, all sweetened with mellow bronze, rich gold and brown.

Rose Evansky is aiming for a crisp, light look (get your eye in *opposite*) with hair cut from three to four inches all over. Her sweetening is a strong, rich brown.

Riché is giving his shingle a soft, swinging line (he remembers the hideous '20s version) and his newest hair-shapes slope from a slightly high crown into a tapered neckline. His sweetening—a creamy beige for blondes.

An authentic
Tartan Skirt
from Scotland



Cut, content and rich cloth distinguish Paisley tartan skirts. Prices are from £5. Write for the Skirt Selection Brochure.

PAISLEY LTD

JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW
Telephone: CITY 7811

man
known
the time
keeps.

You can trust the renowned BUREN Super Slender never to fail you. Masterly in both performance and design, this Swiss precision watch is made to the most exacting standards—a true aristocrat—the world's slimmest and most elegant automatic watch.

"Super Slender"
Automatic. 21
jewels. Incablock
(shock protection)
unbreakable
main spring.
waterproof.
Prices from
£22.10.0.



Inspect the fine range of Buren Watches at your Jeweller or write for illustrated brochure and name of your nearest agent.

BUREN
GRAND PRIX

ROTHERHAM & SONS (London) LTD.
The Inns House, 3/4 Holborn Circus, London,
E.C.1.
Telephone: Fleet Street 8961



Higham—Holmes: Annabella, daughter of the late Sir Charles Higham and Mrs. Alan Deacon of Reigate, Surrey, married Michael, son of Captain F. R. G. Holmes, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Holmes, of Southsea, at St. Bartholomew's, Leigh, Surrey



Spens—Scott: Helen, daughter of the late Capt. R. Spens, M.C., and Mrs. Francis Corbin of Stanhope Gdns., S.W., married William, son of the late Mr. T. I. Scott, and Mrs. J. D. Bisset, at the Temple Church

Weddings



Hillery—Collings—Roberts: Katie, daughter of Mrs. Laurence Welsh, of Elgin Avenue, W.9, married Simon, son of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Roberts, of Long Orchard, Cobham, Surrey, at St. Matthew's, Hatchford, Surrey



Huppert
AUTUMN WOOL KNIT-SUITS



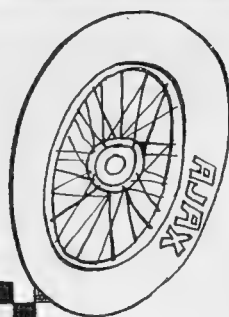
Huppert
64 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.1.
(PICCADILLY CIRCUS)





MOTORING

by Gordon
Wilkins



The eager Vega

WHILE THE FAMOUS OLD FRENCH coachbuilders have been sinking into oblivion, like their colleagues in England, short of ideas and clients and harried downhill by the tax collector, a new star has arisen in Paris. He is M. Jean Daninos, whose brother Pierre held up a hilarious mirror to the Englishman by creating Major Thompson. He was already established as a successful industrialist, running a great metal-working concern that supplies bodies to many French vehicle manufacturers and sheet-metal parts to other industries. These ample resources he used to back his taste and ideas, but the moment could not have been more unfavourable for anyone trying to revive the splendours of French coachbuilding. There were simply no suitable chassis. Bugatti, Delage, and Delahaye lingered only in the memory and Talbot was breathing its last. M. Daninos tried making bodies for Bentley and produced a few particularly handsome coupés, but soon decided that the only way to achieve his ideals was to build the complete car. Thus was born the Facel-Vega.

It had a new Facel-built tubular chassis and body of striking and original line, but wisely M. Daninos did not waste time and money designing and building a new high-powered engine. He went to the Americans, who know more than any of us about producing high-powered engines that are light, compact and inexpensive. To get the kind of performance he had in mind he needed a lot of power—

well over 300 horse-power, so he finally adopted a 6½-litre Chrysler V8 which on the test bed gives a useful 360 h.p. To it was attached a splendid French Pont-à-Mousson gearbox, with synchromesh on all four forward speeds, a fully automatic transmission being available for those who prefer to leave the left foot idle.

After some years of development, the Facel is now established as one of the world's fastest sports touring cars, a swift and luxurious machine as cosmopolitan as the Facel clientele. The Parisian elegance of the coachwork contains echoes of America in the wrap-round windscreen and the massive front end. The light-alloy wheels with triple-eared hub nuts come from Italy and the immense power of the American engine is tamed and rendered usable by the British disc brakes. The exterior brightwork, in stainless steel, includes an American-style protective panel along the base of the body where grit and stones can blast the paint of fast cars.

Inside, the finish is luxurious but functional, with black leather for the upholstery and the crash pads (above and below the instrument panel), and large areas of walnut veneer (some people think too large) on the panel itself. The key dials for speedometer and revolution counter are right in front of the driver, but minor dials, switches and control levers go cascading in opulent array down the central console and on to the top of the

deep upholstered centre tunnel. Apart from the customary essentials, there is a speed control for the wipers, remote-control switches for front and rear interior lights and a button that flashes the headlamps, an essential on such a very fast car. The glove compartment lid turns over to reveal a large vanity mirror and there are big boxes for oddments in the doors. Windows are, of course, electrically controlled.

It all helps to create an impression of something between a car and a flying machine and when the open road stretches in front of that long, low bonnet, one feels something of the sensations of the astronaut, manoeuvring at high speeds with short sharp bursts of power. From a standstill the Facel goes up to 100 m.p.h. in about 20 seconds and at 100 it is still accelerating swiftly. On normal road tyres it is not prudent to hold speeds higher than 120 m.p.h. but with racing tyres, the maximum is probably something over 140 m.p.h. It rushes up to almost 70 m.p.h. in second gear and nearly 100 in third. The gear lever, bent towards the driver, is beautifully placed, but does not have to be used continuously, for the Facel will surge away from 20 m.p.h. in top gear with a rush that leaves most other cars labouring far behind. Driver comfort is assured by a correctly angled two-spoke wheel with deeply recessed centre and by backrests that can be adjusted, though not when the car is on the move.

With this kind of performance only the best in braking will do and the discs have all the power required. One odd fault I found was a tendency to fade away after stopping for a few minutes with the car warm, so that the pedal had to be pumped to get full power at the first stop after starting off again. The hand brake had very little effect. A woman driver might find brake, clutch and steering a little heavy if she did a lot of town driving, but when travelling fast the steering is delightful, light, direct and accurate.

With all this power waiting to be unleashed at a stab on the pedal, it is possible to produce a squeak as the right rear wheel spins momentarily if one is indiscreet in the lower gears, but it is a car that any competent driver could handle—provided he did not try to emulate Stirling Moss right from the start. The special differential helps to control wheelspin, and even on wet, slippery roads there was none of the uneasy feeling of riding on a tiger which some less tractable fast cars used to provoke.

Roadholding is everything one would expect in a car of this class, with scarcely any roll, no matter how hard one takes the corners, and the ride, though firm, is the kind that keeps one fresh through a long day's driving. On rough mountain roads in the wilds of Wales, fast motoring did send the axle banging against the bump stops, and even on some of the roughest trunk roads I was glad of the adjustable Telecontrol dampers which are offered as an optional extra at the rear.

Luggage space is enough to make this a really practical car for long fast business or vacation trips. Several suitcases will go into the square-shaped trunk (where the 22-gallon tank also resides) and the rear-seat backrest folds down to provide an additional luggage platform. Fuel consumption, incidentally, is 13 m.p.g., driven hard.

I so enjoyed the Facel that I covered 1,100 miles in a week with it, cruising on the motorways at 100 and starting out at dawn to achieve safe mile-a-minute averages on long business journeys. I also spent £20 on petrol in the week; but fast travel is never cheap, no matter how you do it. At least I know of no more enjoyable way. In England, tax and duty paid, the Facel costs £4,739 17s. 6d.



When you use Esso Golden
you feel you're driving a better car
—and you are!

the new magic of Malta



The world has discovered Malta—the golden isle with the longest summer in the Mediterranean, and a magic all its own. You'll find it all in Malta—swimming, water ski-ing, snorkel fishing—and virtually all outdoor sports. You'll love the quiet warmth of tiny, sandy coves where the skies are bluer, the sea warmer, the sands whiter. In the fine and friendly hotels you'll dine and dance and enjoy the rich variety of an international cuisine. The night life is casual or formal—the choice is yours. And all around you, in the silver shadows of the grand palaces and cathedrals, Malta's five thousand years of history seem to come alive. There is no language difficulty in English-speaking Malta.



✱ The world's newest, year-round Mediterranean playground



only a few hours
by air, in the centre
of the Mediterranean

Malta

*Consult your travel
agent—he will save you
time and effort*



DINING IN

by Helen Burke

Cutting to the bone

ARE THERE ANY VIRTUES IN ROLLED, boned meat? I would say there are several, though the expert carver will quickly tell you that meat on the bone is the sweeter. I would also say that rolled, boned meat is less extravagant and wasteful and, for the man who cannot carve a sirloin or rib joint (complete with bone), it is a joy. I can cut thin-as-wafer slices of bone and thicker ones of lamb most economically.

Recently I had the butcher bone and roll a bit of lamb for me. It was not inexpensive but the bones and trimmings gave me enough stock for a general pot of Scotch broth, the meat itself served six people well and there was enough of it left over for a cold dish at a later date.

The best bit of neck of lamb can stand in for it. In this case, it is wise to fill it with a favourite stuffing. Beat the boned joint to make it amenable, spread the cut surface thinly with the stuffing, roll up the meat and tie it—first in the centre and then at one-inch intervals on each side for the full length. The only way to make sure that the roll will remain as it should, is to make each tie separately. Slip-knotting down the full length results in untidy unevenness.

Suggested fillings are the usual breadcrumb ones, but here is one that is a little off the beaten track: Finely chop an onion and simmer it in a walnut of butter. Add 2 oz. chopped mushroom stalks and a pressed clove of garlic and cook for a minute or so. Work in 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, a dessertspoon of chopped parsley and pepper and salt to taste. Cool a little, then bind the mixture with a beaten egg.

Spread this on the cut surface of the meat, then roll up and tie as above. Spread the meat with butter and bake in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6), allowing 25 minutes to the pound and 25 minutes over. If pinky meat is preferred, cook for a little less time. Some cooks like to mix a chopped fillet or two of anchovy into the stuffing.

Instead of the stuffed, rolled lamb, try plain loin, but garlic-flavoured.

Cut a clove of garlic into four slivers and slip them under the last rolled piece of meat. They will flavour it just enough. But there is one thing to beware of. Do not allow a piece of the garlic to slip into the tin, because it burns easily and produces an unpleasant, bitter taste.

With garlic-flavoured lamb, I like to serve flageolet. When I cannot get the fresh, raw ones or even the dried beans, I find that those from a can are perfectly good—indeed, they are better as they are not likely to break up. Drain the beans and heat them through in a little of the delicious residue from the baking tin, in which there should be enough flavour of garlic to make them just that much more interesting. For those who like even more garlic, the juice from half a clove, squeezed through a garlic press, can be simmered with the beans. Drain the heated beans.

Slice the meat in the kitchen—or as much of it as may be required—reassemble the pieces, slantwise, down the centre of a heated platter and surround them with the beans and tiny, whole carrots rolled in butter. Sprinkle chopped parsley over all. For a more elaborate bouquet, arrange additional groups of cauliflower florets and peas around the meat, so that the colour accents are well distributed.

This week, I met with an ingenious way of making much of a boiling chicken. Cover it well with cold water, add a *bouquet garni*, two slices of lemon, the giblets, mixed vegetables and seasoning to taste and cook in the usual way. When the chicken is tender, cut the meat in largish pieces from the bones and press them between two wetted enamel trays with a weight on top. Make a thicker-than-usual Bechamel sauce with some of the stock and an egg yolk. To prevent a skin forming, place butter paper right down on it in the saucepan and leave it to become cold. Very lightly flour the chicken pieces and shake off excess flour. Pass them through the sauce, then breadcrumb and deep-fat fry them in very hot oil to a golden brown. Garnish with deep-fried sprigs of parsley.

badedas has arrived! This newest, most exciting continental foam bath brings you the magic, mountain-air freshness you need, the sheer-luxury you deserve—from the Black Forest!

No. 83 (Individual Size)

Price: 1/11 each = 1 Bath or 3 Showers

No. 81 (Regular Size)

Price: 7/6 = 5 baths or 15 Showers

No. 85 (Economy Size)

Price: £1.13.6 = 25 Baths or 75 Showers

No. 86 (Magnum)

Price: £4.10.0 75 Baths or 225 Showers



badedas FOAM BATH

Available in all high class Stores and Chemists. Write for address of nearest stockist to
Sole Distributors in the U.K. **GEORGE SPENCER & SON LTD.**
19 KYNANCE PLACE · GLOUCESTER ROAD · LONDON S.W.7



By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen.
Suppliers of Domecq Sherry, Luis Gordon and Sons Ltd.

The Sherry of all Sherries...

RICH, LUSCIOUS AND OF VERY GREAT AGE

Domecq's 'CELEBRATION CREAM' sets a standard of high quality and excellence in Sherry which is probably unique. Aged in the wood in the Bodegas of the great Spanish Sherry House of Pedro Domecq — shippers to this country continuously since 1730 — 'CELEBRATION CREAM' is a Sherry of rare and distinctive appeal.

Obtainable everywhere from Wine Merchants and in the best bars and hotels. If you have not yet tasted this superb and outstanding Sherry, do so today.

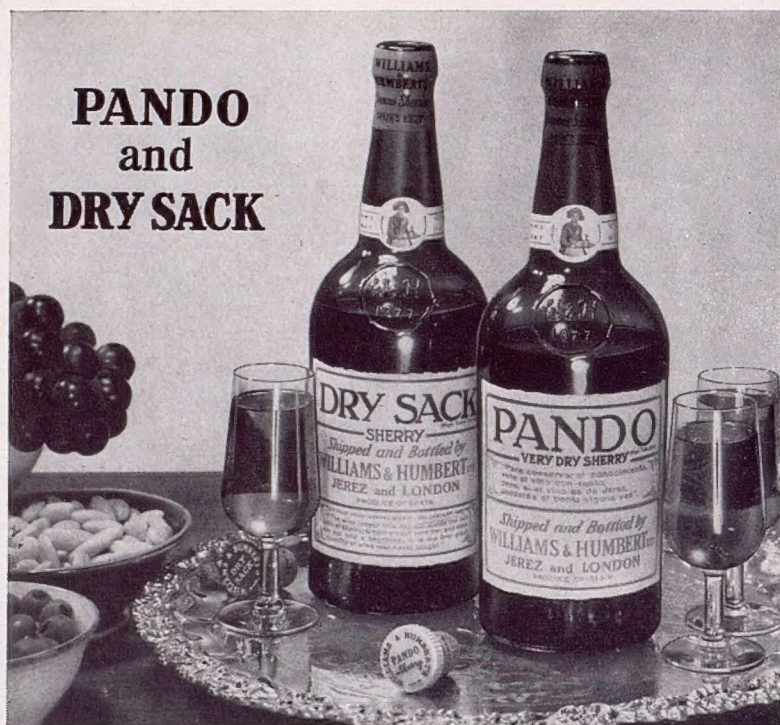


Domecq's CELEBRATION CREAM

Domecq's 'Celebration Cream' is stocked by your usual Wine Supplier.

Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 12 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1

Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY'
... and the exquisite dry Fino 'LA INA'



PANDO and DRY SACK

Spain's finest Sherries from **WILLIAMS & HUMBERT**

PANDO . . . very dry delicate fino, very much the connoisseur's wine.
DRY SACK . . . superb medium dry Oloroso, enjoyed throughout the world for over 50 years.

These two, like all the sherries from Williams & Humbert's bodegas, are a sure symbol of good taste and a treasured measure of hospitality. Their presence is always welcomed by those who know the good things of life.

We would be happy to advise you of your nearest stockists.

Williams & Humbert Limited • Bodegas: Jerez de la Frontera • Southern Spain • London House: 35 Seething Lane EC3



ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN Grace MacDonald shows her **TAN ¾ COAT** **£15.15.0 ONLY!**

- As recommended by THE TATLER Fashion Editor.
- Jackets **£12.12.0.**
- Stock sizes or made to measure.
- 10 different colours of leather.
- Direct from sheep to you saved at least a third.
- Particulars and free Antarrex Sheepskin sent on request.
- White, brown and mottled natural fur.
- Money-back guarantee.
- Approval against bank reference, cheque or cash.
- Hand sewn slippers **19/6.**
- Also, Men's jackets from **£15.15.0.**
- Excellent dry-cleaning—**£1.0.0.**

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN
is obtainable only from
Donald MacDonald (Antarrex) Ltd.
(Dept. T.3)

Loch Lomond, Renton, Dumbarton
Suppliers to Antarctic Expedition
All Antarrex Sheepskin Products will be on sale at most Agricultural and Horse Shows.

BELVEDERE GRILL

41 KNIGHTSBRIDGE
S.W.1 BELgravia 5758

Avery new but fashionable Restaurant
in the heart of Knightsbridge.

OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT
(open Sundays)

Under the personal direction of George
(late of the 500 Club). FULLY LICENSED.

Specialising in pre Theatre Dinners
and After Theatre Suppers.

EVENING DRESS OPTIONAL

Hawick The Home of Quality Knitwear

PULLOVERS • TWINSETS IN LAMBSWOOL
OR LUXURY PURE CASHMERE
from

W. S. ROBERTSON

Retailer of Fine Knitwear, HAWICK, Scotland

BROCHURE ON APPLICATION

Learn Flower Arranging the *Constance Spry* way

Every woman who cares for flowers can now learn at home all about the lovely art of Flower Arrangement.

This new I.D.A. postal tuition Course, written by Constance Spry, will show you how to use flowers as an expression of your personality, a source of pleasure and a new artistic interest for your leisure hours.

Free brochure from:

Institute of Domestic Arts
(Dept. 305), 40 Parkgate Road, London, S.W.11

RUFFINO

The
GOLD MEDAL
Chianti

* Awarded by the
International Jury of the
Universal Fair of
Brussels.

Bottled exclusively in Italy

Ruffino

Agents: B. Wood & Son
(Wine Shippers) Ltd., 4 New
London Street, London, E.C.3.



The 'GRAMPIAN' Ladies' Brogue

Traditional Ladies' Highland Brogue with over-
hanging tongue for wear with tartan or tweeds.
Light in weight, but strong enough for shooting, and
will take nails in the specially selected water-
proof leather soles. Uppers of Brown Waterproof
Moor Calf, leather lined throughout, with
special close fitting heel.

Norwell's
OF PERTH



Narrow 3x
and Medium 5x
fittings

Per Pair **105/-**

NORWELL'S (PERTH) FOOTWEAR LTD.
PERTH, SCOTLAND

H. E. Bates

his happy novel

WHEN THE
GREEN WOODS LAUGH
(12/6)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, August 17, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
© 1960 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

If your problem is moving merchandise to and from the Mediterranean, ELLERMAN is the keyword. Practically every day ELLERMAN ships pass Gibraltar carrying capital goods for industry, re-exports and general consumer goods of all kinds. Homeward bound they may carry the innumerable products of Italy, the Currants of Greece or the famous Turkish Sultanias; the varied fruits of the earth from Cyprus or other merchandise of the Arab States. They know, these international shippers, that an ELLERMAN ship is safe and sure . . . that ELLERMAN service is world-wide, competent and competitive. When you need help in the carrying of merchandise on any of the world's trade routes, bear in mind that ELLERMAN Lines' 99 ships, their facilities and incomparable experience are at your disposal.

ELLERMAN LINES

Serve the trade routes of the world



ELLERMAN LINES SERVE THE WORLD'S TRAVELLERS

Two classes of Ellerman ships carry passengers with comfort and much luxury. The Ellerman Twelves with 12 passengers and the "City" class with 100. These ships serve South and East Africa on regular services, and in addition, the Twelves frequently sail on the Indian, Far Eastern and Australasian routes. For passenger enquiries please communicate with Ellerman Lines Passenger Office, 29/34 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Tel.: Whitehall 5372. For freight enquiries please refer to Ellerman Lines Head Office, 12/20 Camomile Street, London, E.C.3. Tel.: Avenue 4311



Out of the richly romantic background of Scotland's past, many interesting relics of the '45 have been handed down to us. But perhaps the most direct of our links with Bonnie Prince Charlie's gallant bid to regain the throne of his ancestors is Drambuie. Once the Prince's personal liqueur, it is today the favourite of millions all over the world. Made from the same closely guarded recipe that the Prince gave to a Mackinnon of Skye in 1745, Drambuie is surely Scotland's best loved secret. The objects in the picture all have a direct link

with Prince Charlie. The 'Prince Charlie Targe' once belonged to Cluny Macpherson, while the musette or bagpipes and the embossed book cover were once the property of the Prince's brother, the Cardinal of York. The silver quaich is said to have belonged to Flora Macdonald. Also shown is a typical drinking glass of the period.

All these objects are to be seen at the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, who kindly gave permission to reproduce them here.